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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

SEPTEMBER, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Jungle in Spain

In this country Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* is now merely a strong but unpleasant memory, and its author has been relegated to an obscurity from which he will with difficulty emerge. The book, however, is continually finding new readers in other lands, where it seems to be regarded as a most effective arraignment of Uncle Sam and his ways. Two or three years ago we reproduced the cover of the French edition, which was a most sanguinary-looking affair. The sub-title was *Les Empoisonneurs de Chicago*. Here is the cover of *The Jungle* in the Spanish edition. *Los Envenenadores de Chicago* means the same thing as the French sub-title.

The Policy of the Hidden Page

On behalf of many thousands of readers we venture to press one point on the attention of the business managers of popular magazines. No doubt they have often heard the complaint. No doubt, too, they have often dismissed it as outweighed by other interests. We refer to the practice of concealing the table of contents in the depths of the advertising pages. Sometimes it occurs on the second or third page from the beginning of the advertisements. As you turn the advertising pages two or more at a time you generally miss it and go on to the end and then back again. Sometimes it appears on the next to the last page of the advertising portion, all of which must be searched through till you find it. Most magazines after having found a sufficiently improbable place for it, keep it there from month to month. Some, however, shift it as soon as its lurking place is known, hoping to baffle even the old subscriber. In either case you see

"THE JUNGLE" IN SPAIN

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a great many more advertising pages than you wish to see, and of course the advantage in that from the advertising manager's point of view is obvious. We have no means of knowing how this measures up in dollars and cents. Perhaps the rate of advertising varies according to the cleverness with which the table of contents is concealed. Perhaps

MARGARET ANGLIN AS HELENA RICHIE

In Charlotte Thompson's play, adapted from Margaret Deland's novel, *The Awakening of Helena Richie*

the larger advertisers stipulate for this concealment in advance. But if the policy of the older magazines like the *Century*, *Harper's* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, which proclaim their contents openly at the start, is too costly, would it not be possible to reach some compromise—supply readers with a key, perhaps, or a pathfinder, showing how the table of contents could be traced? The pathfinder, we submit, might also carry advertisements, and it could be made reasonably difficult, like a railway guide. Readers might linger a good deal over that pathfinder, advertisements, no doubt, catching the eye, and they would, moreover, pay the additional fee; for if, as is generally admitted, a table of contents is desirable, there must be many who would pay something to find out where it is. Keep it a secret from the careless; insert it, if necessary, upside down on the upper left-hand corner of the back cover; but reveal it to any reader who is willing to pay the price. We offer this suggestion diffidently, but there must be some way out of the difficulty. Surely so prosperous a paper as *The Literary Digest*, for example, could afford to tell us what it is about. It used to do so boldly on the cover; now it dodges in and out among bath-tubs, schools, motor-cars and pianolas. There may be no hope of papers like the *Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. They leave out the table of contents altogether, perhaps because it served as a warning rather than an invitation, perhaps for very shame.

A Strange Story

"A power that not infrequently is reminiscent of Mr. Joseph Conrad at his best" was the verdict of a very discriminating reviewer upon Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt's *The Little Brown Brother* when it appeared about a year ago. Consequently Mr. Hyatt's recently published *The End of the Road* deserves a certain amount of serious consideration. But whatever Mr. Hyatt may write, it is certain that no tale of his will read more extraordinary than the strange story of his own eventful life, and that the life of a man who is now only thirty-two years of age. When he was seventeen he was on his way to Australia in a windjammer. After a voyage of a hundred days he arrived in New South Wales to find the colony practically bankrupt and nothing to which he could turn his hand. For a time he was on a sheep station where a bottle of whiskey cost as much as two sheep; and then he was beachcombing in

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Sydney. A year later he was back in London studying electrical engineering. In 1897, when the mines were opened up in Matabeleland, he was appointed electrical engineer of the "Gulong," the first property to turn out gold north of the Crocodile River. The giraffes used to break his wires, and incidentally injure their own necks in the process, and the lions used to chew up his fowls, and when chance offered, his negroes as well; but he put in his telephone lines, which are still working, and his arc lamps frightened away the Matabele rebels, whose fires, in a range of kopjes a bare five miles away, had formerly been the only illumination allowed on that stretch of veld.

Two years of a mining camp, tin-roofed, fever-hunted, drink sodden, and dreary, was enough for young Hyatt, and when his contract ended, he bought a train, a pack donkey and trekked away to the unknown districts on the borders of Portuguese East Africa, trading and hunting. For the next three years he never looked back. It was a fever-laden country—a veritable white man's grave; but he had a constitution of iron which carried him through. His younger brother, Amyas Portal Hyatt, probably the most popular youngster ever in Rhodesia, joined him as partner, and everything the firm of Hyatt Brothers touched proved successful. By the end of the Boer War the Hyatts had made a fortune, which included thirteen thousand acres of rubber-growing land granted them by the Portuguese Government in return for their exploring the India-rubber jungles of Mozambique. Then, suddenly, a new cattle disease broke out, and in six weeks the Hyatts were ruined; their oxen were eaten by hyenas, their wagons were rotting by the roadside, and their trading stations left for the looting of the natives. For a while they tried to re-establish themselves in Africa, but an unsuccessful mining venture finally exhausted their patience, and they made their way homeward through the Orient. They started in Central Africa in a penniless condition, but by lecturing and journalism reached the Philippine Islands when the Samar revolt was just breaking out. They had selected this destination on the general principle that "where there is a row there is an Englishman." Through General Corbin's kindness they reached the front, and what they saw there was incorporated in *The Little Brown Brother*. Their newspaper articles on the campaign provoked the wrath of a certain element in the civil government, but gave unqualified satisfaction to the Army generally.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT

The next objective point of the brothers was Vladivostok, then on the point of being invested by the Japanese, and they arranged to sail on a blockade runner to that port, but while waiting for the ship to get ready for sea, Amyas Hyatt was bitten on the cheek by some poisonous insect, and died in the Manila Hospital. His brother, fearfully shaken by the blow, drifted up the China coast, then to Japan, and finally home to England across the United States. He had lost everything, and had fallen so far behind in his own profession of engineering

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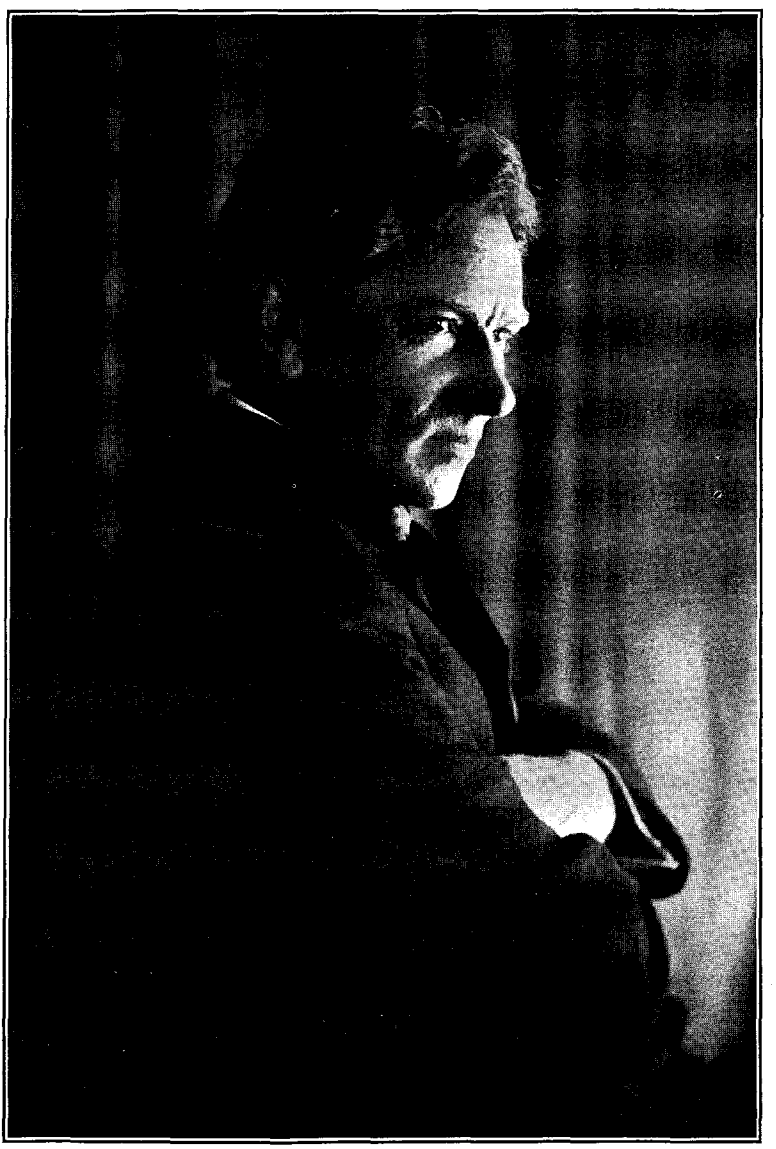
that it was hopeless to try to turn his hand to it again. He was still but an amateur in journalism, yet he went to Fleet Street, for want of anything better, and had the usual experience, disappointment and semi-starvation. However, the success of his first book, *Marcus Hay,* enabled him to abandon newspaper work for fiction, and since then he has been rapidly making a place for himself among English writers.

We don't know whether or not it augurs well for the future of the classics that so many persons of late should be interlarding their speech with Latin words and phrases and allusions. This



ALEXANDER IRVINE

Mr. Irvine's autobiography, *From the Bottom Up*, is following John D. Rockefeller's reminiscences in *The World's Work*. Mr. Irvine shows the reverse of the shield

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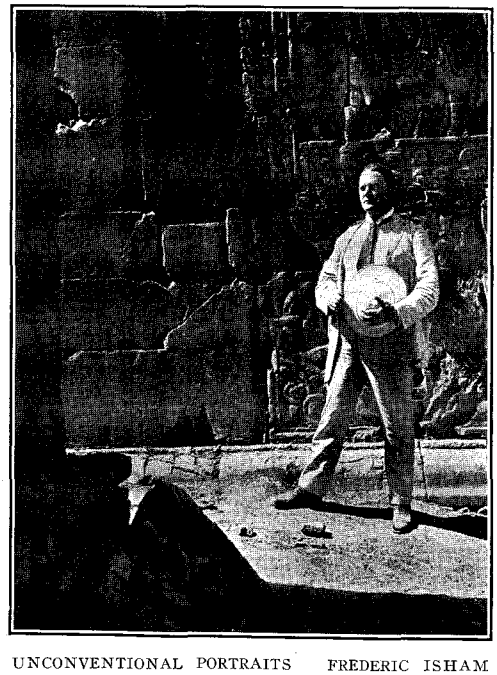
MIRIAM MICHAELSON

Author of *Michael Thwaites's Wife*

phenomenon may, to be sure, indicate the beginning of a sort of Renaissance. On the other hand, since most of these quotations are quite grotesquely incorrect, the whole thing may herald a slump and a final extinction of classical learning. Yet perhaps not so; for at the beginning of the old Renaissance, men did strange things with the Latin language before they really returned to classical correctness. Of course, the most interesting occurrence of late in this particular sphere has been the curious ascription by Senator Page of Vermont, to "The Good Book" of the expression "of which I was a part." But his critics only wallowed in a deeper mire; since in correcting him they sapiently observed that the quotation which Senator Page gave in part was really from "the Roman emperor whom Brutus slew." This is about the worst of anything that we have seen, involving as it does, both literary and historical ignorance. It was the *Post* of this city which remarked, some little while ago, that a certain *persona* was *gratissimus*. This was merely a slip in gender and might be explained perhaps as a construction according to sense. The New York *World* is obsessed with the notion that the genitive of *tempus* is *tempi*, for which there is no excuse whatever. But what is most ominous is something that we observed in the July number of *The Forum*. Mr. Brian Hooker, who contributes frequently to that magazine, writes poetry which is rather good; but he has a peculiar fondness for giving Latin titles to his poems. Thus, in the June number, he produced a poem entitled "Forsitan." No one objected to this; and hence, emboldened by his success, he provided another poem in July with the remarkable title "Trans Limine." This was really going a little too far. If Mr. Hooker likes Latin titles he ought to get some friend to revise them for him before he gives them to the press; and surely no one is more competent so to advise him than the editor of *The Forum*, who is a skilled Latinist. How he ever let "Trans Limine" get by

Mixed Latinity



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS FREDERIC ISHAM

This portrait of Mr. Isham was taken in front of the carvings on the side of the great gate of the Chinese wall at Nankow. Mr. Isham's new novel, *Half a Chance*, is to be published this month

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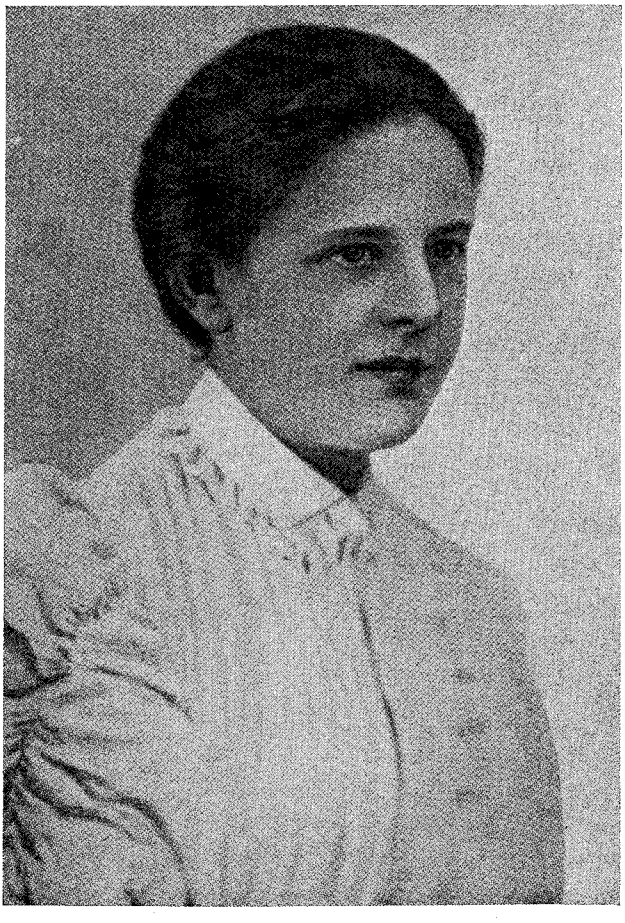
him, we are at a loss to understand. His specialty is, as classical scholars know, Plebeian Latin, but in all the wide field of Plebeian Latin he could find no such monstrosity as *Trans Limine,* which reminds one of the late Ouida's remarkable motto *Pro ego.* We advise the editors of *The Forum,* the *Evening Post* and the *World* to read each other's proof, and incidentally to chip in and purchase a Latin grammar.

When the devoted Queen and wife of George the Second was on her death-bed she called her grief-stricken husband to her side and endeavoured to console him. "You must marry again," she told him. The stout old monarch shook his head in violent dissent. *"Non! Non!"* he blubbered. *"J'aurai des maitresses."* That was the kind of king and Court that Lola Montes travelled over the world to find. Her misfortune was that she was born a hundred years too late. She belonged essentially to the age of the Pompadours and the Montespans, when it was the price of a miserable, wasted province that a monarch placed round his favourite's white neck. She was, as Edmund d'Aubergne says in the preface of his book, *Lola Montes: an Adventuress of the Forties,* the last of that long and

Lola Montes



MRS. R. S. GARNETT

Mrs. Garnett's novel, *The Infamous John Friend,* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Mrs. Garnett is a daughter-in-law of the late Dr. Richard Garnett

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LOLA MONTES

illustrious line of women, reaching back beyond Cleopatra and Aspasia, before whom kings bent in homage, and by whose personality they openly confess themselves to be swayed. Since her time man has thrown off the spell of woman's beauty, and seems to dread still more the competition of her intellect.

❧

Yet, coming as she did a century too late, the part that she played in European history was by no means insignificant. She reached her apogee in the enthralment of the King of Bavaria. Louis I., called the "most spiritually and æsthetically minded sovereign in Europe," worshipped her as a goddess. She associated with the most highly talented men of her time. Equipped only with the education of a pre-Victorian school girl, she overthrew the ablest plotters and intriguers of the Continent, foiled the policy of Metternich, and hoisted the standard of freedom in the very stronghold of ultramontane and reactionary Germany. Then, driven from Bavaria by a revolution, she wandered over the whole world, heard of now at St. Petersburg, now at New York, now at San Francisco, now at Sydney, everywhere astonishing society by her courage and her adaptability to all circumstances and environments. Truly hers was a strange and remarkable personality. M. d'Aubergne's book will be reviewed at length in a later issue.

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"You ask me if I view *The Lady in the White Veil* as a Highly Humorous Work. I hasten to reply that I do," wrote Rose O'Neil Wilson recently to a friend. "How did I come to write it? 'Well, it was this way,' said the old pirate.

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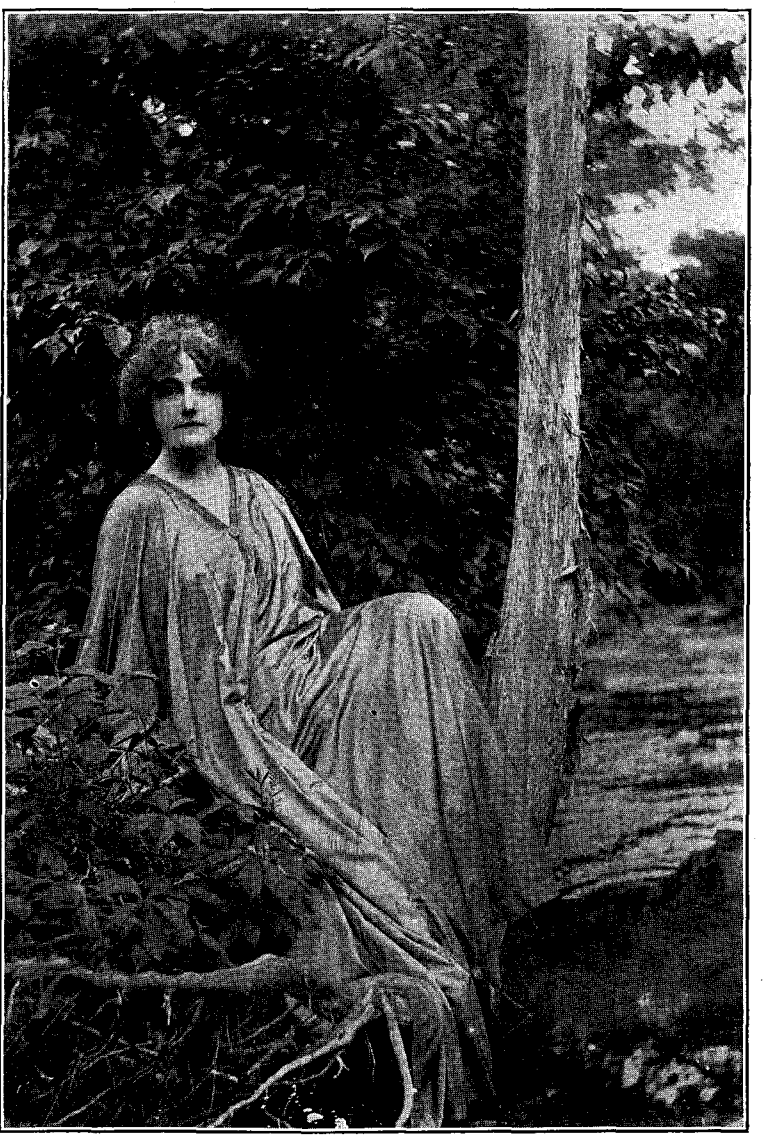
Concerning Rose O'Neil Wilson

I made that there tale for my young brother and sister and annoyed them to death by yielding up a chapter a day. It was a great lark at first, but I soon fell to a mere drudge. They developed an inclination for more, which though doing credit to their intelligences, came to adorn them but little in my eyes. 'Hurry and tell us how it ends,' they plaintively and continuously cried—and looking as wise as I did was a fearful strain. For I didn't know myself. I worked in my studio at the top of the house among the trees and tormented them with peals of mellow laughter as I wrote. Do I think that story a Highly Humorous Work? Why, I nearly died over it. As the idiotic thing advanced and fresh allowances of it were publicly read below stairs, I am convinced that the other members of



ROSE O'NEIL WILSON

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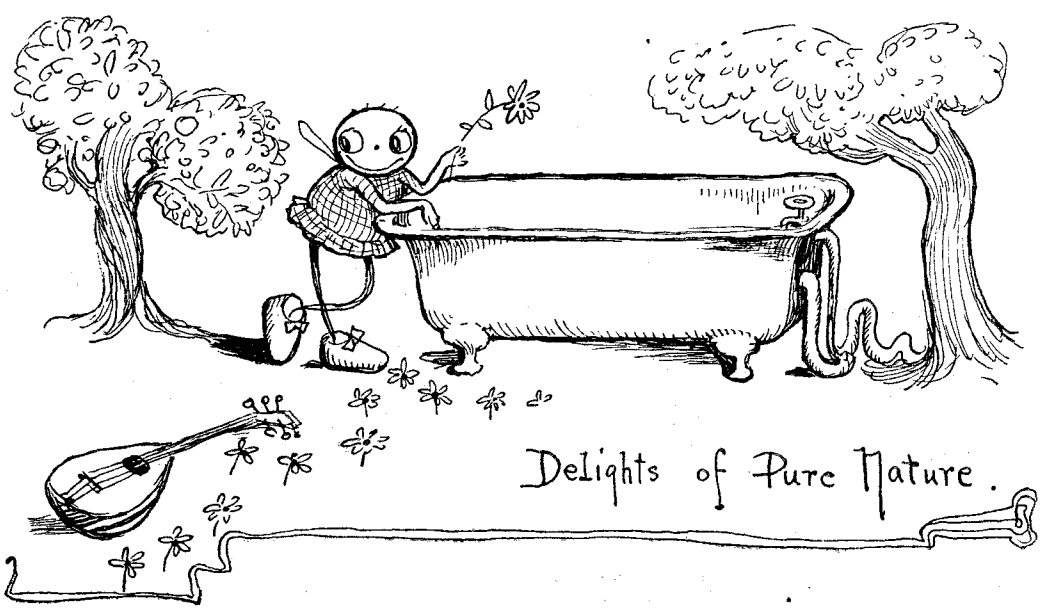
"PLEASE NOTE THAT I HAVE HAD MY PORTRAIT TAKEN LIKE THIS TO SHOW THAT I AM AN AUTHOR: BESIDES THAT, I WISH DELICATELY TO CONVEY THE UNDERSTANDING THAT I AM STILL YOUNG AND FAIR. THE HALO EFFECT ABOVE BROW INDICATING THOUGHT OF A PROFOUND AND COMPLICATED CHARACTER"

the family gave up their usual occupations to devote themselves altogether to the business of laughter. It isn't that I saw them thus engaged. They were furtive about it. For it was thought inadvisable to encourage me in levity. But I firmly believe that most of that time they were in convulsions behind the door. I have seen the venerable form of my mother emerge with an absent air, trying to look a Stranger to Mirth. She would reproach me gently for lightness of mind, and say a novel like that would never, never Stir the Depths of the Human Heart. You think this Truly Noble in her when she was having the time of her life over its Pearls of Wit and Fancy. To proceed—You inquire



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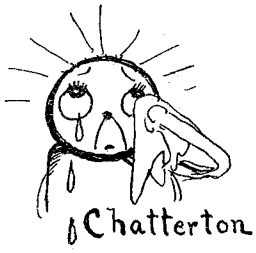

MRS. WILSON'S IDEA OF CHATTERTON

what I meant by it. This reminds me of my little brother, who has a distinguished talent for language that does not seem to convey anything in particular. Finishing a lengthy discourse that nobody had listened to, says he: 'I don't mean anything. And if I did mean anything, it wouldn't be *that*.' There is a quality about this speech which strikes me as restful. And indeed, I feel that *The Lady in the White Veil* had something of the same virtue. The reader reposes on the soothing sense that he is almost sure not to learn anything in it, and there is always a certain delicate pleasure in not having the mind improved.

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Meredith and his Contemporary Critics.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton's *George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism* is an unusually companionable volume, gossipy but not prying, anticipating many natural questions and clearing up not a few matters formerly left to the mercy of rumour. As to the common belief in this country that Americans were the first properly to appreciate Meredith, Mr. Hammerton declares that it is quite unfounded.

Assuredly there is no longer occasion to be sentimental over Meredith's literary fortunes after 1870, and we have seen that ten years before that date journalism and literature together, though hard taskmasters both, were by no means barren of recompense to one who was giving them of his best. The return was disproportionate to the service, but the worker would have his own way—not his master's—and though his own way in the end came to be accepted, he suffered only as all self-willed or independent natures must suffer, until he had succeeded in proving that his own way was worth having. It is said, but of this I have no proof, that *Richard Feverel* and *Rhoda Fleming* were even refused circulation by Mudie's on the ground of their indecency!

His reputation on the Continent had already made some little headway; in America, on the other hand, his name was scarcely known, and it is quite incorrect to credit American critics and readers with any exceptional acumen in awakening earlier than they of his own country to a due sense of his genius. . . .

We have seen that the first collected edition of the novels was begun in 1885 and completed in 1887. It is worthy of note that between these dates America awakened for the first time to George Meredith. Too often are we apt to credit our friends of the United States with "discovering" our geniuses for us. As a rule they are quick and keen to claim the credit, and in the flood of writing which signalised Meredith's eightieth birthday the honour was not only frequently claimed, but weakly granted by English writers who knew no better. . . .

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And he quotes the American journalist, Mr. W. M. Fullerton, on the benighted state of America even after the appearance of the first uniform one-volume edition:

Once at a dinner-party I found within me the temporary courage of my opinions. There were at the table several people of recognised authority as critics, who held the ears of many men. But venturing to say a little of what I thought about Meredith I met with only an incredulous look, born of an utter ignorance of his work. One man, however, came round

"I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT MOST OF THE TIME THEY WERE IN CONVULSIONS BEHIND THE DOOR"

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with a smile and grasped my hand. The incident was typical of the attitude of the public toward Meredith. Either there was utter ignorance or an enthusiasm equally dense and unworthy.

Mr. Hammerton has made a very representative selection from the enormous mass of contemporary criticism. You see the reflection of Meredith in almost every kind of puddle, distorted, discoloured, clipped, according to the size and quality of the alien mind sitting in judgment. "Hitherto known as a novelist of some ability and a rather low ethical tone," was the comment of the London *Spectator* on the appearance of *Vittoria*. And the praises when they began to be heard were almost equally fatuous. The result is an amusing but very cynical picture of literary journalism—necessarily so, for Meredith was not only the *pons asinorum* of criticism, but there was something about him that invited the attempts of the incompetent. He was an irresistible subject to the very people

THE LAST SKETCH OF MEREDITH

From a sketch by the well-known French artist, M. Noël Dorville, who visited England some months before the novelist's death and made a series of sketches of distinguished persons for an Entente Cordial Album issued in France

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MR. MEREDITH AT THE EIGHTY CLUB BANQUET TO MR. PARNELL

From a thumb-nail sketch in an old note-book of Sir Francis C. Gould.—*Westminster Gazette*, January 4, 1909

from whom he was hopelessly shut off by nature. Parodists, however, seem not to have been very busy with him, although he afforded an easy route to that easiest of literary amusements. Mr. Hammerton has found only four parodists worth quoting—Owen Seaman, R. C. Lehmann, Max Beerbohm and F. Anstey. Of these Mr. Lehmann and Max Beerbohm wrote the most accurate Meredithese. The following is quoted from one of Mr. Lehmann's parodies which appeared in *Punch* in 1894:

But Matey had met this one before. Memories came pouring. He gazed. Was she, in truth, Lord Ormont's? The thought spanked him in the face. A wife? Possibly. And with an aunt—Aminta's aunt. She has a nose like a trout skimming a river for flies, then rises a minute and you not there, always too late with rod and line for sport. But there was danger to these two, and Lord Ormont was writing his Memoirs. A mad splashing of unnecessary ink on the foolscap made for his head, never more to wear the plumed cocked hat in a clash of thunder-bearing squadrons.

And Max Beerbohm's mimicry in *The Victory of Aphasia Gibberish* is equally faithful:

She had breadth. Heels that sent ample curves over the ground she stood on, and hands that could floor you with a clinch of them, were hers. Brown eyes looked down at you from swelling temples that were lost in a ruffling copse of hair. Square chin, cleft centrally, gave her throat the look of a tower with a gun protrudent at top. Her nose was virginal, with hints of the Iron Duke at most angles. Pink Oyster covering pearls must serve for her mouth. She was dressed for church, evidently, but seemed no slave to Time. Her bonnet was pushed to the back of her head, and she was handling the ribbons. One saw she was a woman. She inspired deference. . . .

She saw opportunity. She swam to the bell-rope and grasped it for a tinkle. The action spread feminine curves to her lover's eye. He was a man.

Obsequiousness loomed in the doorway. Its mistress flashed an order for Port—two glasses.

Sir Rhombus sprang a pair of eyebrows on her. Suspicion slid down the banister of his mind, trailing a blue ribbon. Inebriates were one of his studies. For a second, she was sunset.

"Medicinal"! she murmured.

"Forgive me, madam! . . . A glass. Certainly. 'Twill warm us for worshipping."

On the Continent the interest in Meredith began late and developed slowly. The earliest Continental notice, according to Mr. Hammerton, occurs in a study of contemporary English fiction by M. E. D. Forgues in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 15, 1867. For nearly thirty years this was the only note on the subject to be found in French criticism. Then occurred a eulogy by Mme. Alphonse Daudet, containing a preposterous comment on his likeness to Mallarmé

MR. MEREDITH STUDIES CHARACTER AT THE PARNELL COMMISSION

From a sketch by Sydney P. Hall in the *Graphic*, May 18, 1889

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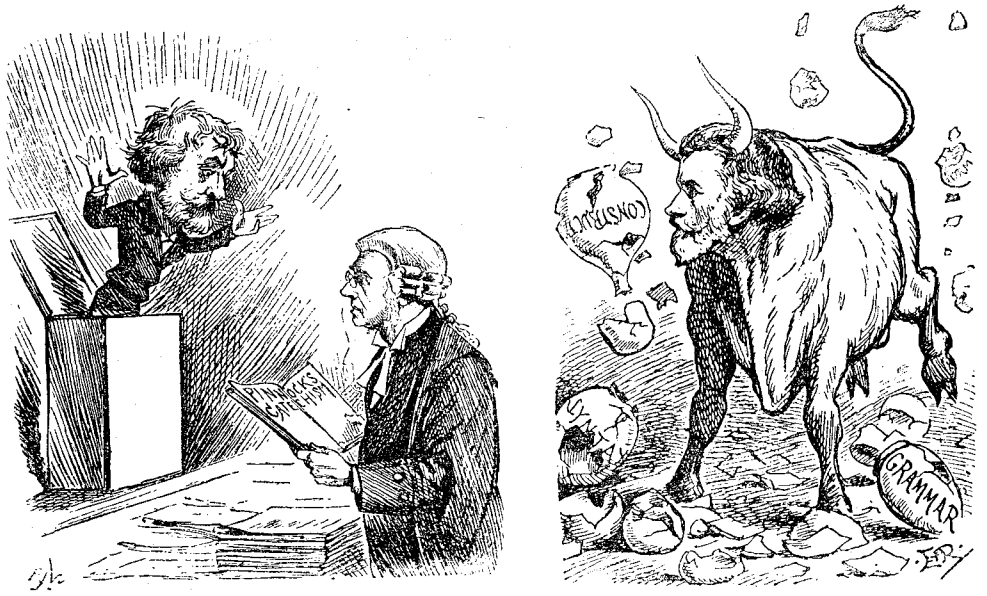

TWO CARICATURE SKETCHES FROM "PUNCH"

in "his artistic inspiration, the originality and independence of his mind." Then came studies by Légouis, Cordelet, Roz, Davray and other French writers, some of them very thoroughgoing and serious, but none of them, to judge from Mr. Hammerton's quotations, likely to have for Meredith's readers anything but a curious interest. To the Continental critics he was known chiefly as the author of *The Egoist,* and it was that novel with which they were mainly concerned. The struggle of the Gallic mind with *The Egoist* was pathetic—a struggle that was both hopeless and unnecessary. Think how this luckless Frenchman, for example, must have tormented himself:

> To me the wit of Mr. Meredith is as strange as his humour. Thus, in *The Egoist* we are presented with much pomp to a certain Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson, who possesses a wit so penetrating, so trenchant, so dazzling, "that she could have ruled the country with an iron rod of caricature." We see at once that she is going to pass on to young Willoughby one of those *mots* which stuck like an arrow between the shoulders of a man, and we find ourselves waiting for a remark such as that which she passed upon a certain prince of the best blood, "A foot, a soul of a young lady;" or, if one wishes something more like caricature, one may recall the mordant epigram of Albert Millaud on Sarah Bernhardt when she was notably slim of figure: "When she goes into her bath, the water lowers." Mrs. Mountstuart saw Sir Willoughby at a moment when the hero was engaging in a dance; the great lady opens her mouth, everybody pauses to receive her word, she speaks: "You see, he has a leg!" Whereupon Mr. Meredith spreads himself out in twenty pages of admiration: he has sundry observations on the head of Charles Stuart, on Buckingham and Rochester —I am left confounded.

In this welter of contemporary criticism Mr. Hammerton's own comments seem by contrast moderate and rational. It should be easy, however, to be comparatively wise with so many awful warnings before one. For the chief value of this entertaining volume is in showing what a ridiculous gauntlet of contemporary misunderstandings Meredith had to run. Mr. Hammerton has quoted them without malice; indeed he is more respectful of them than one would have thought possible, and there is no reason to doubt that he has chosen of the best. He has quoted freely from Mr. W. C. Brownell's fine critical study—one of the few fertile spaces in the Meredithean waste. The account of his "personal characteristics," "home life

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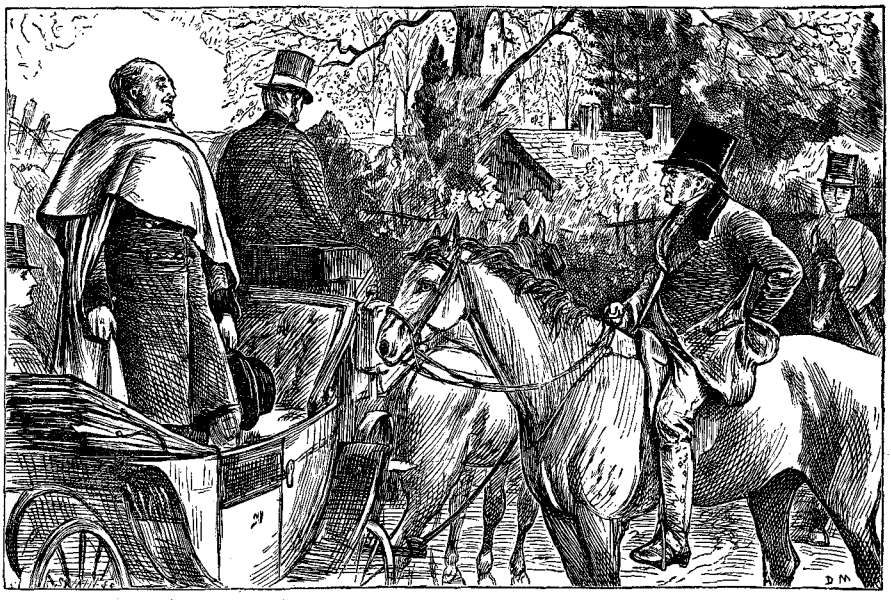

From the drawing by George Du Maurier in the *Cornhill*

RICHMOND ROY MEETS SQUIRE BELTHAM

My father stood up and bowed, bareheaded. My grandfather struck his hat and bobbed. "Mr. Beltham, I trust I see you well." "Better, sir, when I've got rid of a damned unpleasant piece of business." "I offer you my hearty assistance." "Do you? Then step down and come into my bailiff's." "I come, sir."—*Harry Richmond.* Chapter XL.

and friendships" are not especially significant. It is made up largely of the reports of visitors, interviewers and literary delegations—"copy"-hunters, too preoccupied in phrasing their Meredith "material" to observe what manner of man he was. These personalia are, on the whole, quite ordinary magazine matter, the gushing or awestruck narratives of pilgrims to "literary shrines," whose diluted memories furnish forth available contributions for years afterward. That is the advantage to a frugal mind of even the briefest visit to a famous author; one properly nurtured handshake may be made to yield successive crops of personal impressions for years to come. Of the anecdotes of Meredith these two, though they have appeared before, may be worth repeating:

The story is that Mrs. Carlyle begged Carlyle to read *Richard Feverel.* He did so, and said, "Ma dear, that young man's nae fule. Ask him here." When he came, as Meredith himself told me, he talked long with him on deep things, and begged him to come often. He said, "Man, ye suld write heestory! ye hae a heestorian in ye!" Meredith answered that novel-writing was his way of writing history, but Carlyle would not quite accept that. He did not argue about it, but rather doubted over it, as if there were more in it than he thought at first.

Mr. J. M. Barrie had told the same story, in part at least, some years earlier, and it is, no doubt, quite an authentic anecdote. Meredith's acquaintance with Tennyson was a little more intimate than that with Carlyle, which was of the most casual nature. It has also yielded a story which the late L. F. Austin, in his posthumous volume, *Points of View,* thus relates:

Mr. George Meredith tells an amusing story of a walk he took with Tennyson one day when the bard was very silent and gloomy. They walked several miles, and suddenly Tennyson growled, "Apollodorus says I am not a great poet." This critic was a Scotch divine, and neither his name nor his opinion was of much consequence. Mr. Meredith said something to that effect; and Tennyson retorted, "But he ought not to say I am not a great poet." This was the entire conversation.

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Apollodorus was, of course, the Scottish divine and critic, George Gilfillan, and there is little doubt that the story is authentic. It has long been current among literary gossips, varying somewhat in detail, and perhaps to the heightening of its humour; but as Austin has told it we may let it pass, though not without protest against his slight to Gilfillan, who was no dolt in criticism.

Of Meredith in his early manhood Mr. Hammerton quotes the following description from Maurice Fitzgerald:

George Meredith never merely walked, never lounged; he strode, he took giant strides. He had on a soft, shapeless wide-awake, a sad-coloured flannel shirt, with low open collar turned over a brilliant scarlet neckerchief tied in loose sailor's knot; no waistcoat, knickerbockers, grey stockings, and the most serviceable laced boots, which evidently meant business in pedestrianism; crisp, curly, brownish hair, ignorant of parting; a fine brow, quick, observant eyes, greyish—if I remember rightly—beard and moustache a trifle lighter than the hair. A splendid head; a memorable personality. Then his sense of humour, his cynicism, and his absolutely boyish enjoyment of mere fun, of any pure and simple absurdity. His laugh was something to hear; it was of short duration, but it was a roar; it set you off—nay, he himself, when much tickled, would laugh till he cried (it didn't take long to get to the crying), and then he would struggle with himself, hand to mouth, to prevent another outburst.

And from M. Legras, the French critic, we have this account of him as he appeared nearly forty years later, that is, 1900:

When we enter, Mr. Meredith raises his tall figure from a roomy easy chair that is stuffed with cushions, and supports himself feebly with two walking-sticks, his hands twitching and trembling: like Daudet he has been struck with ataxy. Over his forehead, square and very wide, falls a mass of hair cut *à la chien;* the profile of the face is sharply cut, the eyes of a dark grey, suffused at times by tenderness. His mouth is large and he speaks with much use of gesture. This silhouette of the great writer at the end of his career appears to me to harmonise with his works—long, unrestful, nervous, but still dignified of mien all the same.

Apropos of Some Published Plays

The publication of Mr. John Galsworthy's three well-conceived and workmanlike plays, *The Silver Box, Joy,* and *Strife,* is another attempt of the practical playwright to kill two birds with one stone. Offhand a play-goer would say at the fall of the curtain on one of Mr. Galsworthy's plays that it was worth printing. It is almost impossible to reckon with the disillusionment of the printed page. The first two plays in Mr. Galsworthy's collection are really surprising in the impression they give of intellectual frugality. There was nothing left over for any literary use. This is true of some of the best plays of the day, and we ought to be prepared for it, but we are not, not at least for the degree of their badness as books. It is hard, for example, at a Pinero play to foresee the atrocity of Pinero's text, which will, in fact, be almost unreadable. The æsthetic argument is familiar enough, and one knows very well that the words are only one element in the affair. The conditions of stage production have been sufficiently "rubbed in." Indeed both playwrights and critics seem to think of little else. But with all due allowance for the missing ingredients—players, scenery, music, footlights, and, above all, our gregarious after-dinner generosity—the words still seem unexpectedly attenuated.

DICK. Peachey—I say, Peachey—d'you think there's—I mean d'you think there'll ever be any chance for me?

MISS BEECH. I *thought* that was coming! I don't approve of your making love at your time of life; don't you think I'm going to encourage you.

DICK. But I shall be of age in a year; my money's my own, it's not as if I had to ask any one's leave; and I mean, I *do* know my own mind.

MISS BEECH. Of course you do. Nobody else would at your age, but *you* do.

DICK. I wouldn't ask her to promise, it wouldn't be fair when she's so young, but I do want her to know that I shall never change.

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MISS BEECH. And suppose—only suppose—she's fond of you, and says *she'll* never change.

DICK. Oh! Peachey! D'you think there's a chance of that—*do* you?

MISS BEECH. A-h-h!

Tiresome little animals—and there are pages and pages of it just as dreary. Yet it is not the commonplace drama of the day, but several pegs above it. If it is worth while to print Mr. Pinero's *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* Mr. Bronson Howard's *Kate* and several plays by Mr. Clyde Fitch, to mention only a few that have been published in the last two years, there is warrant enough for Mr. Galsworthy's collection. Moreover, the third play in the volume—*Strife*—is quite able to stand by the words alone. It is a very well-told story of a strike in which the interest of the situation carries along the meagrely sketched, merely typical characters.

AN ILLUSTRATION MADE BY ARTHUR RACKAM FOR "THE GOLDEN BIRD" IN "THE FAIRY TALES OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM"

After all, Bernard Shaw seems to be the only English-speaking playwright today who can bag his two birds with one stone—collective goose and sequestered owl—and there are those who deny that even he has done the deed, contending that he has never fairly hit the larger and edible fowl, but only winged her. Mr. A. B. Walkley, for example, will tell you that a Shaw play is magnificent, but it is not drama. Very likely he would say that a Shaw audience is not an audience, but an aggregate of solitaries, quite unfused—mere readers in other words. So seriously does he take the separation of the arts after years of bitter experience, that if a Shaw play amuses him when he is alone, he thinks it must be a technical mistake. Dramatic critics who have hearts are apt to become fatalists; only the hard little natures remain quite hopeful to the end. Even from the best modern French plays the literary outcome is trifling. The dexterous, clean-cut dialogue of Hervieu, Mirbeau and Donnay, their "literary quality," does not save their texts from seeming stripped, unfleshed, almost mathematical, even if we never saw them on the stage. The clever modern playwright is very economical. No waste for him, for he knows his craft—especially is he sure of its limitations. It is out with the problem and on with the plot and up and at us on our blind side. For the side that is glued to our neighbour is always blind, and every wise playwright knows that in an audience we are very tightly stuck together. United we thrill and divided we yawn at the words that caused the commotion, but by that time what does the playwright care? The play is for minds that are crowd-submerged, and it matters little, when we read the book, if we feel like fish out of water.

This seems, at least, to be the point of view of the best dramatic craftsmen of our time. If they do aim at our sec-

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ARTHUR RACKAM

Mr. Rackam, who has been illustrating *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, lives in London, where he was born, forty-two years ago. From his earliest years he showed a strong inclination for art. He was not able to take up art as a profession until he was twenty-five, before that working for seven years in an insurance office. In the early nineties he was on the staff of the *Pall Mall*, and did a great amount of journalistic illustration, including political cartooning. Afterwards, as a free lance, he did all manner of black and white work. In 1902 he was elected to membership in the Royal Water Colour Society.

ond thoughts, they seldom reach them. It is proof, perhaps, that they are nothing more than craftsmen. Taking plays as they are, it is a safe working rule that a play of the first class will make a book of the second or third, that stage wit is not really witty or stage fun permanently amusing, or stage thought worth thinking a second time. Hence you find the more thoughtful dramatic critics of the day concerned very largely with what the stage cannot do, making rules in advance, harping on the difference between closet dramas and acting plays, and the difficulties the stage puts in the way of literature, especially of poetry. The exception, in their experience, has become so rare that they comfort themselves by calling it incredible. Mr. Arthur Symons says in his latest book, *Plays, Acting and Music:*

> The limitations necessary to the drama before it can be fitted to the stage are but hindrances and disabilities to the writer of a book. Where can we find more spilt wealth than in the plays of Swinburne, where all the magnificent speech builds up no structure, but wavers in orchestral floods, without beginning or ending? It has been said that Shakespeare will sacrifice his drama to his poetry, and even *Hamlet* has been quoted against him. But let *Hamlet* be rightly acted, and whatever has seemed mere lingering meditation will be recognised as a part of that thought which makes or waits on action. If poetry in Shakespeare may sometimes seem to delay action, it does but deepen it. The poetry is the life blood, or runs through it. Only bad actors and managers think that by stripping the flesh from the skeleton they can show us a more living body. The outlines of *Hamlet* are crude, irresistible melodrama,

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still irresistible to the gallery; and the greatness of the play, though it comes to us by means of the poetry, comes to us legitimately, as a growth out of melodrama.

He, too, is haunted by "legitimacy" and must needs resort to Shakespeare for that old circular argument, the last infirmity of noble minds. Shakespeare's poetry has triumphed, therefore it must be "legitimately" dramatic. "Treason never prospers; what's the reason? Why if it prospers none dare call it treason." Let any man bear the same relation to our stage as Shakespeare bore to his and there will be as much defiance as conformity, and it may be another three hundred years before he is found to be "legitimate." A genius, however, would take the risk. We readers apparently are waiting for some splendid crime against the modern stage and all its criticism.

From the newspaper reports of his present malady, it seems likely that the book above quoted is the last that Mr. Arthur Symons will ever write. It is the more pitiful from the high plans he announces in its preface. The book is part of a series on which he has been engaged for several years. He is, he tells us, "gradually working his way toward the concrete expression of a theory, or system of æsthetics, of all the arts."

"Plays, Acting and Music"

In my book on *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* I made a first attempt to deal in this way with literature; other volumes, now in preparation, are to follow. The present volume deals mainly with the stage, and secondarily, with music; it is to be followed by a volume called *Studies in Seven Arts,* in which music will be dealt with in greater detail, side by side with painting, sculpture, architecture, handicraft, dancing, and the various arts of the stage. And as life too is a form of art, and the visible world the chief storehouse of beauty, I try to indulge my curiosity by the study of places and of people. A book on *Cities* is now in the press, and a book of "imaginary portraits" is to follow, under the title of *Spiritual Adventures.* Side by side with these studies in the arts I have my own art, that of verse, which is, after all, my chief concern.

Not a critic—rather a prisoner of beauty, and at times too easily taken captive, one must say. *Plays, Acting and Music* shows the same delicacy of feeling as his other writings, and the same emotional surrender. He is for going the full length of his moods, and his moods are at the mercy of the conqueror—Nietzsche, Duse, Yvette Guilbert, Tolstoi, whoever it happened to be. He is akin to many sensitive, passive commentators one finds in British reviews and newspapers, whose language merely shows the whites of its eyes. Ask for an account of the matter, and you find that the critic has fainted away. Even his verses—are they not more bewitched than bewitching? But unlike most of those too tender voluptuaries, whose "impressions" measure their softness of flesh rather than force of the impact, he remains agreeably expressive, the possessor of a pliant, graceful style, adequate for nice distinctions. And he could resist, too, if not an attack on feeling, at least any ruthless *ex parte* intellectual foray. For example, this excellent passage on a subject somewhat too familiar to us all:

Mr. Shaw has an ideal of life: he asks that men and women should be perfectly reasonable, and that they should clear their minds of cant, and speak out everything that is in their minds. He asks for cold and clear logic, and when he talks about right and wrong he is really talking about right and wrong logic. Now, logic is not the mainspring of every action, nor is justice only the inevitable working out of an equation. Humanity, as Mr. Shaw sees it, moves like clockwork; and must be regulated as a watch is, and praised or blamed in proportion to its exactitude in keeping time. Humanity, as Mr. Shaw knows, does not move by clockwork, and the ultimate justice will have to take count of more exceptions and irregularities than Mr. Shaw takes count of. There is a great living writer who has brought to bear on human problems as consistent a logic as Mr. Shaw's, together with something which Mr. Shaw disdains. Mr. Shaw's logic is sterile, because it is without sense of touch, sense of sight, or sense of

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—LEROY SCOTT
The author of *The Shears of Destiny*, and Mrs. Scott in Russia

hearing; once set going it is warranted to go straight, and to go through every obstacle. Tolstoi's logic is fruitful, because it allows for human weakness, because it understands, and because, to understand is, among other things, to pardon. In a word, the difference between the spirit of Tolstoi and the spirit of Mr. Shaw is the difference between the spirit of Christ and the spirit of Euclid.

That there should be room in the world for both Shaw and Tolstoi, both geometry and the Christian religion, does not seem, perhaps, to Mr. Symons's order of mind, very desirable.

A Change of Owners

No more pathetic situation has come to our attention recently than that implied in the following advertisement, clipped from a well-known New England newspaper:

FOR SALE—In Pittsfield, Mass., a large boarding-house with 35 boarders. Business and property near Stanley plant. Address REPUBLICAN CORRESPONDENT, Pittsfield, Mass.

Thirty-five of them, and probably knowing no more of their destination than fowls on a siding in a crated car. Free to leave if they do not like the new landlady? True only in theory, not in practice, as those know who have studied boarder nature. It will take more than one turn of the screw, however bitter the new regime, to goad those boarders to the packing-point. Action is preceded by long passive discontents; and you will often see a house of writhing boarders, who nevertheless remain. It is known to historians and economists, but to students of boarder life the immobility of human indignation comes often as a surprise. It is a rare boarder who gets away as soon as you think he would. We have known keepers who could so neatly gauge the turning of the worm as to mete out rigours for a term of years and always just within the danger line—maddening but not expulsive—every inmate seething, yet none quite boiling over and out. Knowing the art of "falling off" and the exact margin of safe encroachment, they drew their best advantage from houses kept thus just below eruption-point, houses of smothered rage. We have known keepers changed from kind to cruel whose boarders still stayed on, and years afterward have seen them there, greatly emaciated. There are no more unpunctual fugitives. That is the danger of the Pittsfield situation. We may of course be doing some injustice to the new owner of the thirty-five, but we have had in mind the dictum of *Prometheus* that new keepers are always savage when they first begin.

The August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* very appropriately contains a brief article in praise of quotation. The writer declares the power of apt quota-

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H. G. WELLS: ALARMIST

tion to be a gift from Heaven. As an instance of Heaven-sent dexterity he cites a woman-hating friend of his, who on hearing that he was about to be married, congratulated him in the "grim words of Macbeth":

Quoters and "Culture"

"If t'were done when t'is done, then t'were well it were done quickly."

The joy he finds in this familiar sally is proof, we think, of a strangely barren life. That, however, is merely a personal matter, and not the point we have in mind. We are thinking, rather, of the reverence which a certain class of "cultured" writers still feel for the quotation, and of the almost complete prostration of mind before it displayed by many contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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That magazine, indeed, is the stronghold to-day of the literary quotation, and as it is easily the leading magazine for thoughtful Americans, its policy in this respect is not without significance. We believe it has a good deal to do with the somewhat prevalent sneer at American "Culture"—its timidity, slavishness, and eagerness to display the credentials of good breeding. For the typical *Atlantic* quoter is not a spontaneous person whose thought jumps aboard another man's phrases moving faster in the same direction. He is on the prowl for the quotations themselves, frightened when alone, looking back at the last one, and on to the next; you can feel his paragraphs gasping in the effort to overtake them. It may be fanciful, but in most of the literary essays in the *Atlantic* we hear the writer say to his fainting thought, "Thank God, a quotation will soon be with you." It promises an artificial respiration. The quotation, as employed by our Cultured Few, is too often a mere clutch of the intellectually half-dead at the skirts of literary gentility. They think anything will save them if the author of it is well enough known.

"The gratuitous contributor is, *ex vi termini,* an ass", said Christopher North. . . .

* * * * *

Said Montaigne, "Amongst so many borrowed things, I am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new service."

Both these worthy writers did indeed say the things, for they babbled at times like the rest of us, but is it right to impose on them, when they are in that condition, the duties of literary chaperonage? Quote, if you must, we say, the "jewel five words long," but peace to the famous writer, when it is evident to all observers that he is fast asleep.

H. G. Wells: Alarmist

Mr. H. G. Wells is another English writer who has gone over very emphatically to the ranks of the alarmists, and who professes a belief in the degeneration of his countrymen. In the London *Daily Mail* he contends that Blériot's successful flight across the Channel means "first and foremost that the world cannot wait for the English."

It is not the first warning we have had. It has been raining warnings upon us—never was a slacking, dull people so liberally served with warnings of what was in store for them. But this event—this foreigner-invented, foreigner-built, foreigner-steered thing, taking our silver streak as a bird soars across a rivulet—puts the case dramatically. We have fallen behind in the quality of our manhood. In the men of means and leisure in this island there was neither enterprise enough, imagination enough, knowledge nor skill enough to lead in this matter. I do not see how one can go into the history of this development and arrive at any other conclusion. The French and Americans can laugh at our aeroplanes, the Germans are ten years ahead of our poor navigables. We are displayed a soft, rather backward people. Either we are a people essentially and incurably inferior or there is something wrong in our training, something benumbing in our atmosphere and circumstances. That is the first and gravest intimation in M. Blériot's feat.

The foreigner is ahead of us in education, and this is especially true of the middle and upper classes, from which invention and enterprise come—or, in our own case, do not come. He makes a better class of man than we do. His science is better than ours. His training is better than ours. His imagination is livelier. His mind is more active. His requirements in a novel, for example, are not kindly, sedative pap; his uncensored plays deal with reality. His schools are places for vigorous education instead of genteel athleticism, and his home has books in it and thought and conversation. Our homes and schools are relatively dull and uninspiring; there is no intellectual guide or stir in them; and to that we owe this new generation of nicely behaved, unenterprising sons, who play golf and dominate the tailoring of the world, while Brazilians, Frenchmen, Americans and Germans fly.

French Feminism

No one seems to know who Colette Yver is, but her recent novel, *Les Cervelines,* a study of feminism, has been causing considerable discussion in France. The book is an attack on women who have turned their backs on the old-fash-

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ioned ideas of matrimony and maternity, and think only of their own careers. The scene of the story is a provincial town. Jeanne Boerk, a magnificent specimen of womanhood, sprung from a line of Flemish peasant ancestors, is the assistant of Tisserel, the surgeon of the local hospital. Her closest friend, Marceline Rhonans, a child of the South, is the instructress at the local institute. Tisserel is in love with Jeanne, and John Cecile, a young medical man, is devoted to Marceline. But the young women are so enamoured of their independence and prospects that they will have nothing to do with the other sex. The last words of the book form its mournful epitaph—"love goes." *Les Cervelines* has the appearance of a first book, but it is written with a finish that has led many to ascribe it to some experienced writer who has desired to issue a tirade under a pseudonym.

Personalities in Fiction

Although the introduction of living political personalities thinly disguised into books of fiction probably goes back to the time of Apuleius, the late Paul Leicester Ford with *The Honourable Peter Stirling* may be regarded as having started the fashion in modern American life. Mr. Cleveland reappeared in an exceedingly ridiculous book, entitled if we are not mistaken, *On Satan's Mount,* which also presented Mr. Roosevelt in a not entirely flattering light, showing him as resigning the office which accident brought him as being beyond his strength. Then it was the turn of Mr. Bryan, after which Mr. Frederick Palmer wrote a novel called *The Big Fellow,* which had for hero the present golf-playing occupant of the White House. Now comes the announcement of a novel by Mr. William R. Hereford, entitled *The Demagog* (we suppose *The Demagogue* is meant), which "has for its chief figure the owner of a string of powerful daily newspapers who aspires to the presidency."

"Three Men in a Boat"

Whatever Jerome K. Jerome may write he seems destined always to be regarded primarily as the author of *Three Men in a Boat.* That book has just had its twentieth birthday, and a new edition is being brought out in England. It has been reprinted every year since 1889, and the English editions amount to two hundred and seven thousand copies. In addition the sale of the story in America has been roughly estimated at a million. *Three Men in a Boat* has been translated into every European language except Turkish and also into some of the languages of Asia. Mr. Jerome professes to be at a loss to understand the remarkable success of the book.

Macbeth at Saint Wandrille

A most extraordinary spectacle was presented a few days ago by Madame Maurice Maeterlinck at Saint Wandrille when Shakespeare's *Macbeth* was enacted before fifty spectators for the benefit of a French charity. The scene of the presentation was a real castle of Macbeth. Through the windows of the castle the spectators saw the arrival of King Duncan attended by his Court of Honour. They sat down at the banquet in a great hall modelled after a hall of the twelfth century. In the cloister galleries there rose up the ghosts of kings. In the heather among the wills of the wisp, the spectators could see the witches dancing. From the moment of the arrival of the procession the illusion was maintained. Through the halls there moved continuously men and women dressed in the costumes of the period. The spectators were made to feel that they were the guests of Macbeth. The parts of the tragedy were played by some of the most eminent actors of the Paris stage, but the names were not divulged until after the performance in order to leave to the Shakespearean characters the utmost impression of reality.

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CONCERNING MR. JOSEPH R. KIPLING

A GOOD many years ago, an irresponsible young person, named Rudyard Kipling, visited the United States for the first time in his life. There were a great many things about this country which he did not like, and he expressed his dislike in that vigorous, vivid, heat-lightning sort of way, which subsequently made him famous. It is not necessary to recall every one of the flouts and jeers which he directed against Americans. We can all remember the "Curse of Kipling" and his journalistic sniping at San Francisco and Chicago. These matters, however, we may pass over.

The thing that excited his liveliest mirth and his most profound contempt was the military feebleness of the American Republic. Perhaps a few quotations would be illuminating to those who have possibly forgotten his exact words. Take the following, for example:

> Try to believe an irresponsible writer when he assures you that China's fleet to-day, if properly manned, could waft the entire American navy out of the water and into the blue. The big, fat Republic that is afraid of nothing, because nothing up to the present date has happened to make her afraid, is as unprotected as a jelly-fish.

He likes to think what would occur if Great Britain should take it into her head to deal with us severely:

> From five miles out at sea, a ship of the power of H. M. S. *Collingwood* would wipe out any or every town from San Francisco to Long Branch; and three first-class ironclads would account for New York, Bartholdi's Statue and all. They could not, with an ordinary water-patrol, despatch one regiment of men six miles across the seas. There would be about five million excessively angry, armed men pent up within American limits. These men would require ships to get themselves afloat. The country has no such ships; and until the ships were built, New York need not be allowed a single wheeled carriage within her limits.

He goes on to say graciously that Great Britain would probably not do these things to us, out of purely commercial considerations; but he cannot avoid licking his chops, as it were, at the thought of what might be, as his imagination depicted it:

> Behold now the glorious condition of this Republic which has no fear. There is ransom and loot past the counting of man on her seaboard alone—plunder that would enrich a nation—and she has neither a navy nor half a dozen first-class forts to guard the whole.

These sentences and others like unto them were duly written down in the Book of Kipling; but since they were so written, a good many things have happened. Not long afterward, President Cleveland, in his thunderbolt message of 1895, somewhat sharply told Great Britain that she must not meddle in South America, or that if she did, she must be prepared to accept instantly the gage of war. Then it was that Lord Salisbury, the British Prime Minister and one of the proudest of English aristocrats, swallowed his own words, and backed squarely down before the "big, fat Republic" which Kipling quite correctly had said was "afraid of nothing." There was no talk then in England about sending H. M. S. *Collingwood* to "wipe out every town from San Francisco to Long Branch." On the contrary, Englishmen became as still as mice, and some three hundred and fifty members of the House of Commons joined in a memorial to President Cleveland, asking him not to push the matter any further. Somehow or other, Kipling was not heard from in this crisis. It is rather surprising that he did not take one of his elephant guns and come over and annihilate us all by himself. But he was too busy writing books.

Then something else happened which must have been a surprise to Mr. Kip-

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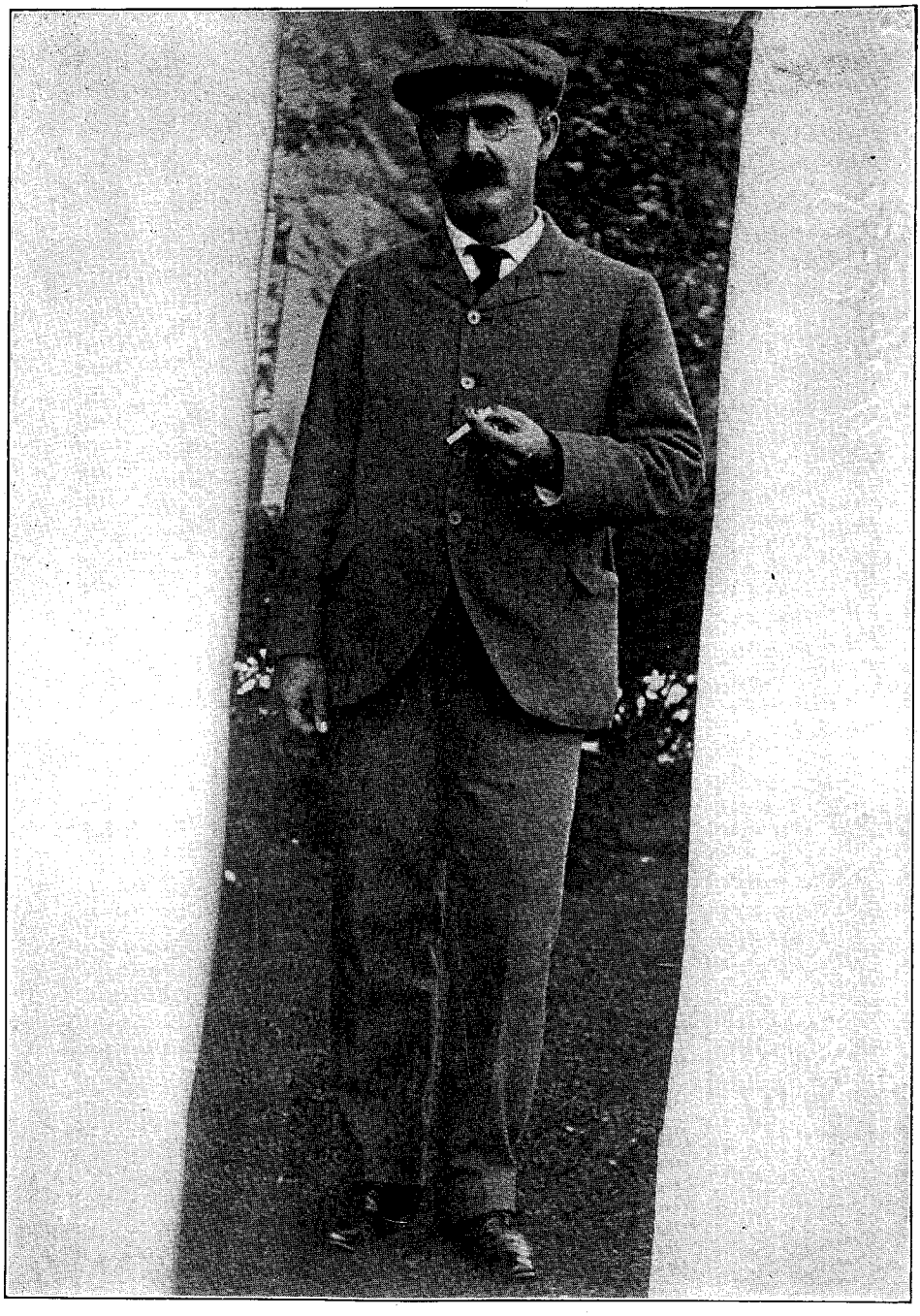

JOSEPH R. KIPLING

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ling. The Spanish war broke out. Now, if a Chinese fleet could waft the entire American navy into the blue, surely a Spanish fleet ought to have done as much. But, as it turned out, it was the Spanish fleet—or rather two Spanish fleets—that were wafted into the blue by our poor, harmless, ridiculous navy. Furthermore, three of the great Powers of Europe—France, Germany and Austria—tried to make us think that they would interfere and do things to us if we did not give up the right of defending our own national honour. But when these three Powers were quietly told by President McKinley to go about their business, they promptly went about their business, all except Germany, which made herself disagreeable after the fashion of a hoodlum, who sticks his tongue out at you from a safe distance. It was of no great consequence; and yet, after we had finished up our small affair with Spain, our "jelly-fish" of a Republic took Germany in hand, very quietly but very firmly. And then the Kaiser came to heel and has been particularly polite—indeed effusively so—ever since that time.

Next occurred the interesting little episode of the Boer War. A country whose entire population was less than that of Milwaukee or Jersey City defied the huge British Empire. Here, to be sure, Kipling did come out strong, doubtless because he thought that the Boer republics were an easy mark. We can still remember how valiantly he chanted when British troops were sent out to the Cape. It seemed overwhelming to him when he contemplated

> Duke's son, cook's son,
> Son of a belted earl,

who helped make up the

> Forty thousand horse and foot
> Going to Table Bay!

Kipling was pretty sure that this time he could stamp and look ferocious with impunity. You see, he had been so used to celebrating the "little wars" of the Indian frontier, where the English troops with modern rifles and screw-guns had demolished undisciplined tribes armed only with knives and old-fashioned Tower muskets, that he forgot the existence of white men who were not English and yet who were not fools. Consequently he saw to his consternation, his "forty thousand horse and foot" very badly mauled, his nice red-coated soldiers running away or being discreditably taken prisoners. He saw the whole British Empire straining itself to the last degree and summoning troops from Canada and New South Wales, in order to put down thirty or forty thousand Dutchmen who knew how to shoot. And it took that same British Empire about four years to do it, after which the political control of the conquered territories had to be handed over to the very men who had given poor General Buller so very bad a time along the banks of the Modder River.

This rather sobered Kipling. He wrote some verses about it which, if not poetical, contained at least a rather frank admission:

> They taught us a jolly good lesson
> And they served us jolly well right.

But Mr. Kipling's nerves never quite recovered from the shock. Lately, the English have been in a panic terror over the sinister designs which Germany is alleged to entertain regarding England. Now here comes in a very curious piece of psychology. Kipling was never willing to believe that Americans had any really manly traits about them. He has shown this all through his writings. Upon one occasion he remarked that Ortheris was "neither a lackey nor an American." In his story entitled *The Fourth Dimension*, he describes an American gentleman, named Wilton Sargent, in words which he thought applicable to all Americans:

> There was no chance now of mistaking the man's nationality. Speech, gesture, and step, so carefully drilled into him, had gone away with the borrowed mask of indifference. It was a lawful son of the Youngest People, whose predecessors were the Red Indian. His voice had risen to the high, throaty crow of his breed when they labour under excitement. His close-set eyes showed by turns unnecessary fear, annoyance beyond reason, rapid and purposeless flights of thought, the child's lust for immediate revenge, and the child's pathetic bewilderment, who knocks his head against the bad, wicked table.

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Mr. Kipling wrote these words a little more than ten years ago. It is just as well to keep them in mind for reference in what is going to follow. We have all been told by a young Anglo-Indian writer how Fear once came to the Jungle. In the past decade Fear has come to Mr. Kipling. He no longer seems to think that Englishmen are masters of the world. He does not believe that they are big bluff, overmastering men. He has come to think of them as human rabbits—creatures with small brains and babbling mouths and all the characteristics which belong to the Bandar-Log. A timidity verging on terror has entered into his own bones and has turned them to water. He is afraid that Germany may at any time stretch out its mailed fist and crumple up the British Isles; and yet he also seems to fear to express his hatred of them. Some years ago he published a really striking and powerful poem directed against them and styled "The Rowers"; but he lacked the courage to reprint it when collecting his poems into a book. He has got a little comfort from the fact that Great Britain has a sort of alliance with Japan. Yet when he wrote "The Recessional" he would undoubtedly have classified the Japanese as among "the lesser breeds without the Law." All his later "poems," beginning with "The Lesson," sound like the utterances of a cockney who has lost his head. Listen to this, for example:

We have spent two hundred million pounds
to prove the fact once more,
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since
two and two make four;
And horses have four legs, and men have two
legs, and two into four goes twice,
And nothing over except our lesson—and very
cheap at the price.

This is pretty poor music-hall verse, and it shows that Mr. Kipling some time ago ceased even to be a "cornet virtuoso," as Mr. James Huneker once unjustly styled him—unjustly, that is, when Mr. Huneker wrote it. But it will be observed that Mr. Kipling now deals out the censure wholly upon his own countrymen. His latest poems are not worth anything as poetry, but they are decidedly worth quoting, especially "The City of Brass." Here is a choice bit:

They ran in haste to lay waste and embitter
forever
The wellsprings of Wisdom and Strength
which are Faith and Endeavor.
They nosed out and digged up and dragged
forth and exposed to derision
All doctrine of purpose and worth and restraint and prevision:
And it ceased, and God granted them all
things for which they had striven,
And the heart of a beast in the place of a
man's heart was given.

* * * * *

The eaters of other men's bread, the exempted
from hardship,
The excusers of impotence fled, abdicating
their wardship,
For the hate they had taught through the
State brought the State no defender,
And it passed from the roll of the nations in
headlong surrender.

The man who wrote these lines has pretty well described himself in his characterisation of Wilton Sargent already quoted in this paper. Mr. Kipling's voice has risen to "a high throaty crow" when he labours under excitement. His eyes show "by turns unnecessary fear, annoyance beyond reason, rapid and purposeless flights of thought, the child's lust for immediate revenge, and the child's pathetic bewilderment, who knocks his head against the bad, wicked table." Let us read this description over; and then pointing to Mr. Kipling, repeat those fateful words, "Thou art the man."

Looking dispassionately on things as they stand to-day, the American Republic is perfectly tranquil, for it is the master of things. All the nations look to it with deference. It is not very much of a "jelly-fish." For that matter, the English are all right, too. Some thousands of them have an attack of nerves, but the nation itself we believe to be as mighty, as wise, and as invincible as ever. Its *pre-Dreadnoughts* alone could demolish the combined fleets of Germany and France. A German army corps, if it should be landed on English soil, would simply be eaten up in spite of Mr. Kipling's prophecies and the fearsome drama of Major Guy Du Maurier. Yes, the

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English people are what they always have been.

But with poor Mr. Kipling the case is different. He is like Michele D'Cruze when the last White drop oozed out of his veins as he quivered and shivered before the young English Assistant Collector in Mr. Kipling's own story, *His Chance in Life*. Mr. Kipling affords an interesting illustration of the psychology of names. He was originally christened Joseph Rudyard Kipling, but he suppressed the Joseph quite successfully during the early and brilliant period of his career. Yet such things are bound to work themselves out in the long run. Therefore, we have witnessed the disappearance of Rudyard Kipling, laureate of an empire, master of imagination, reckless but splendid Imperialist. In his place we now have the very commonplace figure of Mr. Joseph R. Kipling, middle-class, prosperous and provincial Englishman—who is *afraid*.

Harry Thurston Peck.

ALPHABET OF THE SEASON'S FICTION

A's for Anonymous. He
Is as clever as clever can be.
  This year his work's fine,
  In his book, *Inner Shrine*.
His style is improving, you see.

B is for René Bazin;
Who writes just as well as he can.
  He's foreign, so he
  Is quite likely to be
A brother of Alibazan.

C is for Mr. Hall Caine.
I have a third cousin in Maine,
  Who casually said,
  When his stories she read,
She thought that he must be insane.

D is or Davis, C. B.,
As good as his brother is he,
  For his polite fiction
  Is quite correct diction;
At least, it seems that way to me.

E is or Elinor Glyn,
Who wrote of original sin.
  Don't think that I'd look
  Into such a bad book,
I was told by a friend who peeped in.

F is for Justus Miles Forman,
Descended from William the Norman.
  (I admit that line 2
  May or may not be true,
But so very few words rhyme with Forman.)

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G is for Susan Glaspell;
They say her book sells very well.
Now that's to her credit,
For, though I've not read it,
I dare say she wrote it to sell.

H is for Mr. M. Hewlett;
Who has fancy, and knows how to rule it.
The Muse lets him stray
Adown Primrose Way,
At a pace that she will but a few let.

I is for R. Ingalese.
Now, what about such books as these?
Though perhaps to the mind
That is pleased with this kind,
They may be the kind that will please.

J's Owen Johnson, who wrote
A boy's book of popular note;
His Hickey and Tug,
And Crazy and Smug,
Are chaps that we often can quote.

K is that Kennedy man;
His other name's Charles; also Rann.
His book, so they say,
Is based on his play.
I'm told that's a very good plan.

L is for William J. Locke.
His stories but mildly will shock.
The booksellers tell
That so quickly they sell,
They can't keep his latest in stock.

M is for Bannister Merwin.
I don't think I mean Wallace Irwin;
Or Cyrus T. Brady—
Or, was it some lady?
No, no; I'm 'most sure it was Merwin.

N is for Frederick Niven.
I trust that I may be forgiven,
But I really can't think
What he did with his ink,
Though I've striven and striven and striven.

O is for E. Oppenheim,
Who writes thrilling stories of crime.
His heroes steal papers,
And cut up such capers;
And, my! but they have a good time.

P is for Emery Pottle,
Who writes from a boiling ink-bottle.
His bubbling books seem
Like escaping of steam,
But he keeps a firm hand on the throttle.

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Q is for John Herbert Quick,
Who tosses off books with a flick.
Well, it's easy enough
To turn out good stuff
If one has but mastered the trick.

R is for Kate Douglas Riggs,
Who keeps us as merry as grigs.
Her books make you think
Of the apple-bloom's pink;
Or the fragrance of lavender sprigs.

S is for G. Bernard Shaw,
Who thinks we regard him with awe.
But he doesn't fool us
With his feathers and fuss—
Though sometimes he flicks on the raw.

T is for E. Thompson-Seton,
Whose Nature Fakes cannot be beaten.
His animals all
Suffer wormwood and gall,
And nothing their sad lives can sweeten.

U is for Mabel H. Urner,
In fiction's fair field a sojourner.
She wrote an "Eternal
Feminine" Journal,
Which tells of a desolate yearner.

V is for Louis J. Vance,
Who leads all his readers a dance.
Strange yarns he will tell
Of a Bag or a Bell
Mixed up in a rapid romance.

W is Edith Wharton.
Deep themes she delights to exhort on.
Her work is reflective,
But moral perspective,
She sometimes appears to foreshorten.

X is an author called "Xenos."
I may as well tell you—between us—
His real name, I find,
Has quite slipped my mind,
But anyway, X is for Xenos.

Y is for L. Ditto Young.
To fame he has suddenly sprung;
But with theme so unpleasant,
That up to the present
It's left me completely unstrung.

Z is for Miss Zona Gale,
Who knows how to tell a good tale.
Though their names are quite queer,
Her books are just dear—
Which does not interfere with their sale.

Carolyn Wells.

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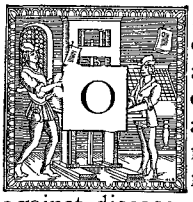
THE PROSTITUTION OF RELIGION



NE of the most interesting examples of the amicable relations now existing between science and religion is the partnership of doctors and ministers in a crusade against disease. Expert neurologists are joining with trained theologians in the effort to control physical disorders by intensifying religious experiences. Instead of a scoffing denial of mental healing, we see its phenomena carefully studied by serious men, who are now tardily attempting to understand and so wisely direct forces that have long been used without professional approval.

Of course the effect of mental states on bodily functions is a proper object for research, and whatever illumination may come from a study of the phenomena involved will be welcomed, but if we are told that medical men are for the first time seriously embracing religion and that their alliance with the clergy is modern, it is worth remembering that St. Luke, who was a Greek physician, was for years the companion and fellow-laborer of St. Paul. It is not improbable that he was trained in the most scientific methods of the day in the University at Tarsus, and it may be a clever guess that he was welcomed by the great Apostle to the Gentiles as a valued medical adviser at the time when the latter was suffering from an infirmity that he called a "thorn in the flesh." At any rate, the writings of St. Luke show his professional habits and reveal this early precedent for the co-operation of doctor and preacher. The significant feature of this partnership, however, is not the physician's scientific investigation of the marvellous cures that were performed by the Apostle, nor yet St. Paul's anxiety to be saved from possible failure by the careful diagnosis of an expert, but the absorption of both men in the work of effectively proclaiming and establishing the Christian religion and the fact that with them, as with their Master before them, the ministration to physical needs was neither an end nor a means, but a necessary and natural accompaniment of the exercise of their newly acquired spiritual powers.

The candid student of the New Testament, he who can successfully resist the deadening influence of familiarity and read it as something fresh, cannot fail to be impressed with the tremendous, almost overpowering, vitality of the Apostolic age. The early Church made itself felt, not as a system of thought or morals, nor as a thoroughly organised machine (for it was neither Calvinistic nor Papal), but as a movement of men who were alive as men never were alive before and who were able to do things that before had been impossible. Everywhere was life, the more abundant life that Christ came to bring; the sick were healed, craven men were turned to martyrs and despairing men to enthusiasts, remorse gave place to penitence and that in turn to adoration; the wicked were transformed into saints, and the poor had good news told to them. Into a world that was sick, whose life was crushed with legalism and militarism or corrupted with avarice and lust, where men were flippant or melancholy, came the purifying and liberating Spirit, and immediately health, abounding, glowing health, was restored. In this wonderful, new experience the material and spiritual worlds seemed to coalesce and the body had its share in the triumph of the soul. Inevitably and justly all modern attempts at mental healing must be compared with this primitive Christian experience, but we do well to remember that St. Paul and St. Luke were neither charlatans nor scientists, but evangelists.

It has been frequently remarked as significant that the practice of mental therapeutics in recent years in varied forms and on a vast scale has followed so fast upon the heels of a dogmatic materialism as to cause embarrassment among those who lately scoffed. We now congratulate ourselves that the reaction has come and that we are saved from the arrogant and arid philosophy of the rich man and the scientist. We are even so pleased with ourselves for having clung to our idealism that we give unthinking applause to

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the latest thing in religion and submit to the treatment of quacks because they say they are spiritual. There never was a time when discrimination was more necessary. It is, of course, a wise rule to judge a tree by its fruit, but if we pick blossoms for bouquets we diminish the yield, and quick returns are likely to be fleeting and disastrous. The cure of disease and the quieting of nerves are good things, but they may be bought at too high a price; one would rather be an invalid than a paranoiac.

To many who have no conception of the higher spiritual activities of man the consideration of the mutual relation of mind and matter has brought perplexity. The two sorts of facts cannot be questioned, their reality is beyond all doubt; and yet neither can be translated into terms of the other and no common denominator can be found. By no possibility can a nerve be mistaken for a pain; the two currents seem to flow on, parallel but without contact. But just when we have settled down to an inevitable dualism we are reminded that mind and matter exist together in the unity of a personality, and it is just as impossible to separate them as to identify them. In some obscure way activity of one sort is accompanied or followed by activity of the other sort, and although the terms "cause" and "effect" are inadequate, some kind of relation obviously exists, and the sequence of events may be in either direction. And the mystery of this common experience, which is food for metaphysicians, is certainly intensified by the knowledge that in thousands of cases, concerning which there can be no doubt, bodily cures have been brought about by operations that are purely mental. It is quite as mysterious, no doubt, that indigestion can produce melancholia as that an idea can cure indigestion, but we are more accustomed to the thought of the one than of the other, and so we think it more readily understood. However sceptical we may be about the net value of many cures, we may be glad that in a new way public attention is most strikingly called to the deep mysteries of human experience and thus at least the raw material of religion is provided on a large scale.

The actual religious value, however, of healing the body by treating the mind is not always clear, and in many instances the health of the body is secured by means that degrade religion to the point of prostitution. Those who write most scientifically in attempting an explanation of the phenomena of mental healing declare that the results are secured through what is termed "suggestion," by which they seem to mean that an idea that has exclusive possession of a mind will execute itself by controlling physical functions that are ordinarily involuntary. This power of control is most readily exercised upon the nervous system when it functions unnaturally, and through the nervous system it affects indirectly and less surely the various organic troubles of the body. This control can be brought about by suggestion when the patient is in a state of hypnosis or of natural sleep, or is in a condition of relaxation bordering upon sleep, or is under the pronounced influence of another person. In any case there is a dissociation of the personality of the sufferer and an inhibition of his customary active attention. Then the idea suggested by another or even by himself is lodged in his subconsciousness, where its work is done.

Now this explanation may be perfectly satisfactory and its elaboration may be made sufficiently complete, but the point that needs to be stressed is that suggestion through the subconscious self is not necessarily a religious process at all, and supposing it to be such may do very real harm to true religion. A gross superstition may have curative power and an erroneous idea may be effective in the treatment of neurasthenia. The psychological explanation is modern, but the method of healing is certainly not new. It has been used in every age and by all sorts of practitioners, by holy men of God and by charlatans, by trained physicians, quacks and Indian medicine-men. It enters as an element into all successful treatments of disease and has a place in cases of surgery as well as of nervous distempers, though in different degrees. The doctor who prescribes the use of a drug sets in operation chemical processes that may contribute to the restoration of

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health, but he not infrequently does even more by inciting through his presence in the sick-room or through writing a prescription the sick man's confident assurance of recovery. It matters little what means are used so that only the right mental attitude of the patient is secured. Religious faith may be stimulated if that seems likely to serve the purpose, as has been done by Dr. Dubois, who is an avowed atheist, and by another prominent leader in the latest form of this system of therapeutics, who has declared that it is doubtful whether prayer is answered, but it is good for the nerves.

That there are a large number of cases in which genuine religious faith has been the chief instrument in securing the desired restoration to health must be recognised. If we have overcome our scepticism regarding the possibility of such cures and are convinced of the facts, we do frankly recognise them, and soon come to recognise them gratefully and joyfully. But we need to be careful not to give unlimited and unconditioned thanks. Those sentimental and superficial persons who think that to banish pain and secure comfort, to soothe the aching brow and calm the anxious or terrified soul is the most beautiful and virtuous career will suppose that if religion has any use whatever it is in accomplishing just such works of mercy. But there is need of vigorous protest against such a misconception of religion. We are told that the religion of the earliest races was little more than a vaguely expressed desire for an increase of the food supply, and if faith-cure is the highest reach of our religious experience, we are not far removed from our savage ancestors.

The trouble is that while we pride ourselves upon recognising the superlative value of spirit, we attempt to use it to secure the comfort of the flesh; we magnify faith because we find it acts like an opiate, and we believe in prayer because it is "good for the nerves." We call God our heavenly Father, but we treat Him as though He were a jinnee, and we imagine that because we believe that He can and will do things for us we really believe in Him. Prayer has ceased to be worship and exhausts itself in selfish petition. This is the present degradation of religion, and if it is only so that neurotic patients can be cured the price is too great. The chief cause of this deplorable prostitution of the spirit is the false but commonly received opinion that pain is an evil. As a matter of fact we are not greatly concerned about our health, not even the health of the body, but we do want to be free from pain. That our days should be long and full of good works is not our ambition, but that they should be both exciting and comfortable while they last seems very desirable; we care little about justice if only we can escape suffering; dread of punishment constrains us more than the fear of the Lord. Faith is looked upon as the great inhibiting power, which can suspend the operation of the law of cause and effect and make it possible for us to sow tares and reap good grain, and we think religion a good thing because it makes us immune from consequences.

All this is not religion, but its caricature, and decay of morals is at its heart. We must cease to be lovers of ease and become lovers of righteousness. We must learn that so far from being an evil, pain is often most beneficent, that it is a sign of the disorder that is the real evil and also a sign of the struggle that Nature makes to restore herself. It is an indication of conflict and a call to effort. The greatest amount of physical suffering comes, not at the point of death, but before hope has been abandoned and while there is still a chance of recovery. If we deny or ignore pain we encourage disease and court death; or if we take such measures as will most quickly remove the pain without a careful diagnosis and a proper treatment we are equally foolish and short-sighted. The mere instinct of self-preservation should lead us to value pain as a signal of distress and a stimulus. So also mental suffering and spiritual agony, while unpleasant in themselves, if rightly used will perform a very necessary function and prove of invaluable service. Suffering is but our sense that things are wrong and increases with the desire to set them right. The phrase "taking pains," that we apply to earnest and conscientious persons, is itself significant. Only the passive and unconcerned do not suffer;

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interest and desire have their painful side, and to deny sorrow and grief when things are not right is either to lie or to declare that we do not care whether they are right or wrong. To run away from our labour and abandon ambition, to seek escape from personal antagonisms and social injustice, to seek peace in isolation or obscurantism is easy and cheap and ignoble and fatal. The deeper and richer experience comes to those who realise that suffering is not evil, not even the suffering of punishment, but that injustice and ignorance and sin are evils, and that such real evils can be done away only by those who are willing to pay the price. The deeper way is the way of heroes and of the Christian religion, whose standard from the first has been the cross. We may regard Christianity as impracticable or too strenuous, we may understand how many weak-spirited and slothful souls may shrink from its high way, we may even frankly acknowledge ourselves to be among their number; but if we have any sense of truth left we will protest against the abuse of the name Christian and the travesty of religion, the whining prayer for a painless life, and the selfish misuse of faith. If Christianity means anything it means a joyful running in search of suffering; it means that pain is transformed into passion, that faith is positive, aggressive and constructive. It means exhilaration and glory in the midst of trouble and defeat.

Those who are most skilful in the diagnosis of human ailments are aware that in a vast majority of cases behind the physical or mental distress is moral disorder. Especially is this true of just that class of cases to which modern schools of healing would apply the remedy of selfish and therefore immoral faith. In the early stages of neurasthenia, mania, melancholia, hypochondria and of all the nameless fears and weaknesses that mark the wrecks along the path of civilisation we may be sure there may be found a wrong attitude toward God, such as old-fashioned persons still call sin. We cannot, of course, hold a mechanical theory of retributive justice, a divine system of book-keeping, by which every pain that accompanies even accidental injury is reckoned as a rightly proportioned payment for a particular transgression. But we need to understand that there is the closest relation between moral fault and nervous distempers, and that most of us deserve more condemnation than pity.

To be sure, this is unpopular doctrine, but it is nevertheless true. The ills that an emasculated religion is now trying to cure have come upon this generation because the sense of moral responsibility has been weakened. We are irritable and hysterical just because we have rebelled against lawful authority. Having denied the right of others to control our thoughts and actions, we have lost self-control. Time was when men and women believed in God and feared Him and trained their children to love and obey His law. They went to Him not as to a nursery-maid, but as to a heavenly Father and righteous King, who cared for them indeed, but who also had the right to direct their lives. Calm and sagacious souls, they acknowledged authority and leaned upon it and were not troubled with nerves. But now we have, like Jeshurun, waxed fat and kicked; gross and conceited in our prosperity, we have lived in luxury and pride and have rejoiced in sensual and intellectual license until contact with our nearest neighbours is irritating and the expectation of a lean year brings collapse and suicide. The cause of physical and psychical break-down is the decay of conscience which follows upon a simple unwillingness to obey eternal law and do what is right. Plain disobedience to the lofty and severe demands of Mosaic and Christian ethics has demoralised us and already in the flesh thousands are experiencing the traditional "tortures of the damned." And now we want to be cured. Obviously we can only be cured by having our sins forgiven. Much appeal is made to the healing wonders of Christ and His disciples, but it is often forgotten that Jesus himself emphasised the forgiveness that preceded or accompanied the cures and required as a necessary condition of the latter a faith that included repentance. Remission of sins, with the joy and gratitude that followed it, characterised the apostolic age. We hear much about the

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coming Catholic Church, which shall be neither Roman, Protestant nor Anglican, but the reappearance in modern form of the old Catholic Church of the early centuries. Whenever and however it may come, we may be sure that in it the confessional will be more prominent than the clinic, and instead of priests striving to soothe the nerves of patients, we shall see physicians, like St. Luke, seeking authority to absolve penitents.

But forgiveness of sins, if only negative, will degenerate into immunity from punishment, and in the selfish desire for salvation that is mere safety, the soul will shrivel and God be dishonoured. Health is not a proper object for man's pursuit, whether it be health of body or of mind. Health is simply the condition in which a person continues while performing some useful function in a natural way. He who seeks it misses it. Effective forgiveness must lead to joyful service.

The only perfect and permanent cure for human ills is enthusiasm for a cause. It may not, indeed, be denied that temporary relief for particular pains or even a generally placid condition can be obtained in other ways; by suggestion, auto-suggestion and hypnotism, by the application of a physical or psychical anæsthetic the short cut can be taken to peace or slumber. But who wants to be in peace or slumber when the fight is on or work is to be done, so long as we can dream dreams and put them into deeds, so long as the heavens are higher than the earth and the stars call? No one questions the kindly value of anæsthetics, but a theory of inhibition that holds narcosis to be the ideal state for man is idiotic and can be made to appear as a religion only by the arbitrary use of attitudes and phrases that have grown out of genuine piety and become traditional. Pain may indeed be eliminated from life, at least to a large extent, but if it is to be in passivity and by the loss of all our aspirations, there are some of us that would rather suffer. The only safe way in which we can escape from sorrow is through enthusiasm. All the lower conflicts that produce distress and disease of mind can be composed when inspiration directs all our activities toward some noble end. This is understood well enough by those who have been in battle, or even in a football game. Then the contusions that in ordinary moments would disable are unheeded and without effect. The artist and the scholar often shows the same indifference to physical inconvenience and mental distractions as he becomes absorbed in the chase of an idea or the effort to fix a vision. This is the heroic way out of difficulties, for it gains the simplicity that gives peace and joy not by elimination, but by concentration. This has always been called inspiration or enthusiasm, and both words mean possession by the Spirit of God. Any sort of a cause will serve the purpose so long as it appears worthy of promotion and within the limits of possibility. Consciousness of a career and absorption in the details of fascinating labour will restore health and prolong life; the simple life and the strenuous life are found to be one.

No proof to the contrary is furnished by the numerous instances of nervous prostration and suicide among those who are engrossed in the intense activities of business administration. Up to a certain point such men exhibit abounding vitality, despite foolish intemperance in eating and drinking and being merry. But because the cause in which they are enlisted is only slightly idealised and so not of high spiritual value, its pursuit is attended by abnormal excitement rather than ennobling enthusiasm, and reaction is bound to come. Not infrequently, too, men's hearts are set upon that which is hopelessly beyond their reach, or the achievement of which depends upon so many other forces than their own efforts that they feel their incompetence and lose their early zest. Eagerness in the pursuit of the impossible leads to overwork, and over-work produces fatigue, and then ensues worry and fear and despair and all the horrid brood of nervous and moral disorders.

If then men need an end of action that is at once lofty and possible they can find it only in moral and religious pursuits; that is, in pursuits that are both moral and religious, for ethical insight without confidence in the ultimate rule of right will crush the spirit of man more quickly than outward adversity. It is true that we can

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be cured by religion, but it must be the religion of St. Luke and St. Paul, a religion of high spiritual enthusiasm and unshaken confidence, a religion in which faith is active, constructive and sure. Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things (including health) shall be added unto you. Peace and joy are not found in stagnation and are not secured by the rest-cure; they come and stay only where there is high moral enthusiasm and religious faith. It is this sort of a religious revival that is sorely needed to make this a nation of sane and joyful men and women; a religion that shall include patriotism and love of all our brothers; a religion that shall use suffering and transform pain, that shall teach men to find in service the secret of patience and show the most practical and unimaginative the pathway to the glory of God.

A. A. Ewing.

THE UNITED STATES OF PLAYWRIGHTS

IT has been said that if you turn to the person who happens to be sitting next to you in a subway, elevated or surface car in New York and ask him how the play he is writing is getting along, his reply nine times out of ten will assure you that your presumption was correct. Yes, he is writing a play. For statistics indicate that a veritable tidal wave of plays has flooded recently and is flooding still into the metropolitan play brokers' and managers' offices. Not only from New York, but from cities and villages in every State of the Union, dramatic compositions of more or less merit have clogged the mails on the producers' desks, until there has been recorded for the year ended June 1st, 1909, the high water mark of unsolicited play manuscripts. It is said that approximately 13,000 plays were received from confident authors from all over the country during the period of time mentioned. The consensus of the estimates of the dramatic bureaus and managers places the figure several thousand higher than the figure for the year previous.

That only about three per cent. of the huge annual influx of voluntarily submitted plays ever reaches the producing stage is a further disclosure arrived at by averaging the estimates of the various persons to whom the manuscripts are sent. Some place the figures as high as five per cent., while others state that two per cent. might be a fairer estimate. Specialising in the matter of statistics bearing on unsolicited manuscript, it may be interesting to note that one of the leading New York play agents received exactly 1,702 dramatic compositions during the last year from novices living in thirty different States; that Henry B. Harris, the theatrical producer, received 251 plays from unknown playwrights during a single week in January of this year; that Charles Frohman's mail never fails to bring annually in at least eleven or twelve hundred plays from writers of whom he has never heard; and that Henry W. Savage has been deluged during the last few months with a hitherto not even remotely approached number of gratuitously submitted manuscripts.

Theatrical producers say that never before has the entire country been attacked with the play-writing mania to the extent it has been recently. And, in this connection, it is curious to record the fact—established by a compilation of statistics from many sources—that the particular communities that lead in the list of amateur playwrights who have sent in their products to the producing centre are Washington, D. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Los Angeles, Cal. From each of these cities alone several hundred dra-

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matic compositions were received in the time mentioned.

The recent wholesale writing of plays in every section of the United States is not without its explanation, for all the producers concur in the opinion that it has been brought about by the considerable number of articles that have been published broadcast telling of the great fortunes that have been made by such playwrights as Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, Eugene Walter, *et al.* Articles on this topic—the huge revenue that is accrued from successful plays—have been printed and reprinted so frequently in journals of the villages as well as the cities that it is not to be wondered at that so many persons have seized their untried pens and have rushed into what they have come to believe is the easiest and most fertile field of fortune.

In answer to the question: "Do the great majority of these persons know anything at all of even the fundamentals of dramatic construction?" the managers and agents who read the manuscripts unanimously agree in the negative. Only in rare instances does a play arrive in the daily mails that carries within it a vestige of the knowledge of the science of drama making. Almost all the plays, furthermore, are extremely artificial and utterly devoid of the quality known as human interest. It is said that statistics prove that more than one-half of the works of the tyro dramatists are of the romantic trend. *The Three Musketeers* is believed to have furnished more inspiration to amateur playwrights than any other story.

Novices revel in romantic themes and disguised "Musketeers" pour into the managers and agents under a great diversity of titles. The romantic plays that have been evolved by hopeful writers the country over contain romance with a vengeance, many of them being made up entirely of love scenes between the hero and heroine with a long series of duels thrown in for good measure. Two other favourite themes are the long lost sister and the eventual discovery of her identity by her brother, who, in the meantime, has fallen in love with her, and the wayward son and his subsequent reconciliation with his family.

The titles of most of the plays that come into the managers' offices are interesting in themselves. The following list will convey an idea of the peculiarity of the majority of them, the selection having been made from plays that were sent to a New York producer during the last two months:

Who Loved Her?
On the Water Wagon.
Caught in the Snow Drift.
Gilding Gold.
When Shall We Two Meet Again?
Money Against Love.
The Homesick Mariner.
Prohibition.
The King of Detroit.
Dutch Versus Irish.
Two Foolish Girls.
Two Shy.
Once Too Often.
Goodness.
The Happy Orphan.
My Loved One.
The Daring Conductor.
Justice Is Past.

Theodore Burt Sayre, perhaps the best known play reader in America, has been looking over the tens of thousands of plays that have been submitted by amateur dramatists to Charles Frohman for the last ten years, and his observations, accordingly, must be regarded as being based on considerable experience. He says, "Mr. Frohman receives plays written on everything from paper bags to wrapping paper. These plays—many of which assuredly do not deserve the characterisation—came in from every corner of the United States. Most of them are as untrue to life as one could imagine. It seems as if the writers believe that the stage will not tolerate naturalness. As a result, they dash off play manuscripts that read like the aspect of life through a very false novel. If the novice playwrights would remember what I have termed the three S-entials, I am sure their efforts would stand a much greater chance for success."

The three "S-entials" in play construction, as Mr. Sayre puts it, are sympathy, suspense and surprise.

Mr. Sayre believes the main difficulty with the average aspiring playwright lies in the fact that he wants to write plays before he has mastered the rudiments. "A knowledge of the technic of the drama is not a thing to be obtained by inspiration as so many beginners believe. It must be studied like any other science.

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The big men among the American dramatists have mastered this technique. Take William Gillette, for instance—his mastery of the thing is wonderful. His play, *Secret Service,* is absolutely perfect technically. I regard it as the best melodrama ever written by an American and the best military play ever written by any one. The foremost English dramatists—Pinero, Jones, Carton, Marshall and Esmond—similarly are masters of technique. Their characters are distinct and interesting. The action of their plays is rapid and continuous, and the interest is pitched high throughout.

"It seems to me that the American dramatists of the future will be the men who model their work upon that of Gillette and the English dramatists. And any American playwright who can write a good actable American play will always be able to find a ready market for it. But the American dramatist who neglects to study the fundamental requirements of his work will always fail, even when the demand far exceeds the supply."

Henry W. Savage recently took time to reply at length to an aspiring dramatist who had complained to him that he (Mr. Savage) had returned three plays to him with no detailed explanation as to why they had been rejected. Mr. Savage's tabulated advice to this man and, he says, to all other tyros, was and is as follows:

I. Write a clean love story—the kind that, when you were a boy, made you curl up in a corner and continue reading while the folks went to dinner.

II. Write something new, even if you never saw it on the stage before. It might go.

III. Do not select as a subject any current news topic.

IV. Do not attempt to write about anything with which you are not familiar.

V. Make your characters natural. To be so, they must do only what men and women do in real life, and not what the story books say they do.

VI. Make your characters speak good English.

VII. Do not use stilted words.

VIII. Do not say, "I have found the papers with the old man's will secreted," etc.

IX. Do not preach. The public can secure free seats in a church.

X. Remember that an audience has imagination and that it reads newspapers and has real human intelligence.

XI. Avoid soliloquies.

XII. Do not put too much in your play.

XIII. Do not distribute your scenes so widely that you have one on an island, another at Herald Square and a third in Chicago.

XIV. Make the action of your play take place all in one day if possible.

Mr. Savage says further, "You must not be impatient and expect a manager to produce your play this season. I had *The Merry Widow* in my office nearly eighteen months. And my final suggestion is this: Before submitting a manuscript, read it aloud and then ask yourself if you would pay two dollars for a seat in the audience to see it acted."

Many of the manuscripts that are sent to the New York managers are such impossible oddities that few readers would regard a description of them as really accurate. It was the privilege of the writer to look over a collection of "plays" that have been mailed recently to several of the theatrical offices and, among the number, he came across a dozen that were each about fifteen to twenty pages in length. This included the scenic descriptions and stage directions. Such "plays," if enacted, would be of about ten or eleven minutes' duration instead of two and a quarter hours. Three manuscripts called for from ninety to one hundred characters, and from nine to fourteen different scenes. Eight manuscripts were divided into nine acts each and, judging from their thickness, would have run on for days, after the fashion of a Chinese drama. One "play" was laid in the year 2200 A. D., and called for twelve actors to portray "the new race of men"—each man to be at least seven feet tall. These characters were also to make all their entrances and exits in airships.

Several manuscripts that the writer examined would have required professional strong men in their enactment, so difficult were the physical feats outlined for some of the actors. A great number of "romantic dramas" included a ream of colloquialisms and anachronisms intermixed with Louis XV situations. And one manuscript, entitled *Love in All the Ages,* called for twelve different acts

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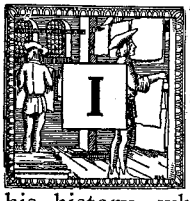
with a new group of nine differently built actors in each act!

There is a pathetic side to this wholesale play-writing as well, however, and with many a manuscript a manager has received a letter telling of privations and grim poverty that have been borne in the endeavour and determination to succeed despite repeated failure. Some of the more hopeful playwrights spend their last penny to bring their manuscripts to New York and are heartbroken over their subsequent inability to sell them. Many women are numbered among the ambitious throng of dramatists and the managers have no few stories to tell of the feminine tears that have flown over rejected efforts—efforts upon which they had wasted many years of their lives.

Oh, the toil we lost and the paper lost
On the play we tried to "land,"
And the poor playwright who didn't know why
(And now we know why they pass'd it by)
And could not understand.

George Jean Nathan.

MACAULAY: THEN AND NOW



IT will be fifty years next December since Macaulay died. He was not an old man: he had just entered his sixtieth year. Nor, humanly speaking, had his work been done; his history, which he had intended to bring down to a time "within the memory of living men," was left unfinished. Yet in a sense his end was not untimely. He had lived a full life; he had won the plaudits of his fellows; he had made a name for himself among those that endure. At the time of his death there were few English writers who could be compared with him in popularity; Dickens and Tennyson, perhaps, exhaust the list; for, with all the deserved admiration he had won, Thackeray had then hardly come into his own. The sale of *The History of England* far exceeded that of most novels of the day. In the large library edition the first two volumes sold nearly five thousand copies in a year, rising rapidly to twelve thousand copies, and, within six years, to twenty-two thousand copies. Edward Everett told Macaulay that no book except the Bible had ever had such a sale in the United States. "I am happy in fame, fortune, family affection—most eminently so," he says in his diary, on the first of January, 1856. Honours were showered upon him. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he was the most conspicuous figure in a brilliant society. He was the Great Cham of his day as much as Dr. Johnson had been of his. Everybody talked about him; everybody quoted him. And he himself was never reticent in proclaiming his opinions. "I wish I was as sure of anything," Windham once said, "as Macaulay is of everything."

When Charles Greville, a rather fastidious observer, first met Macaulay, not knowing who he was, he thought him a rather ordinary person. He was amazed to learn, when Macaulay, as usual, began to hold the attention of the whole table, that this was the famous historian and essayist. Like other great talkers, however, Macaulay was too much inclined to monopolise the conversation. "Oh, horrid! horrid!" Sydney Smith told a friend, when he was asked what kind of night he had passed; "I dreamt I was chained to a rock, and being talked to death by Harriet Martineau and Macaulay." And on another occasion Smith called him "a book in breeches." It is not difficult to understand that, if one were not interested in the subject, Macaulay, for all his briliancy, might have been a bore. One may gather from his writings that he had great confidence in his own opinions and little regard for the opinions of others. Still, there were "occasional flashes of silence." No man is always in the mood. It would not be fair, moreover, to dwell too exclusively upon a side of Macaulay's nature which those who knew him best did not regard as the

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most characteristic side. Unlike many persons who shine in company, he was extremely sensitive. He found it hard to forget or forgive a slight. But he was very generous with his friends, very tender and affectionate with his closest kin. Once he cared for a person he trusted that person as long as it was possible. "His faults," says his nephew and biographer, "were such as to give annoyance to those who dislike a man rather than anxiety to those who love him. Vehemence, overconfidence, the inability to recognise that there are two sides to a question or two people in a dialogue"—these were the especial tendencies of his youth which he never wholly outgrew. These were the qualities which made him in his writings so bitter a partisan. Whatever the facts, the Tory dogs always got the worst of it. What in William III. was a choleric word became in James II. flat blasphemy.

This is the kind of historical writing, however, which adds to the fame of the writer. The scrupulously impartial historian is only too apt to be dull. If, for example, one would have a fair and unprejudiced account of the struggle between Cavalier and Roundhead, between King and Parliament, one must turn to the pages of Gardiner. But the casual reader prefers to take his views from Green. Nothing could be more unfair than Macaulay's judgment of James; nothing could be more exaggerated than his praise of William. Yet until there is a man of genius to give the Whig dogs the worst of it, the denial of popular justice to the Stewarts will continue. Now, something is to be said for partisanship in a historian. Few men capable of understanding the spirit of an age can write of it without being influenced by their feelings, their opinions, their temper. In the words of Private Willis:

> Every boy and every gal
> That's born into this world alive,
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative.

We take sides instinctively, in the past as in the present. Now Macaulay was a typical Whig. His education, his environment, his disposition, all were Whiggish. He had a great respect for the British Constitution; he championed parliamentary Privilege against royal Prerogative; but he was no radical and no Democrat. Everything was sure to be for the best in the best of all possible Englands if only the Whigs remained in office. He had something of the intellectual and social contempt for the lower classes which the great Whig houses were at little pains to conceal. He lacked imagination; he held an essentially materialistic philosophy of life. All these things were bound to colour his views as an historian. Nor is it for these that he is to be blamed. The gravity of his offences against truth and justice is deepened by the fact that he was a malignant and unscrupulous partisan. He did not hesitate to distort the facts to prove a theory. He deliberately misrepresented the objects of his dislike. Nay, he refused to correct, as in the familiar case of William Penn, absolute misstatements. That is why, fifty years after his death, he is so generally regarded as an utterly untrustworthy authority upon the age which he knew more minutely than almost any other man, and of which he had written with a charm of style and eloquence of characterisation which made his work one of the classics of English literature.

It is worth while to reread Sir George Trevelyan's biography, now fitly reissued in a cheaper edition,* if only for the purpose of noting how Macaulay's influence has waned. It is impossible to deal with the book in detail in this place, or even briefly to summarise the events of a life so full of success and fame. The extraordinary nature of the mind that so absorbed knowledge is revealed even in his schoolboy letters. "Assure yourself," he writes to his mother at the age of fifteen, "that I am philosopher enough to be happy, I meant to say not particularly unhappy, in solitude; but man is an animal made for society. I was gifted with reason, not to speculate . . . but to interchange ideas with some person who can understand me." There is a slight flavour of the prig here. Perhaps it was

*The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. 2 volumes in one. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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not wholly dissipated in later years. It must be remembered, as explaining in part his bent of mind, that Macaulay was brought up in an Evangelical, not to say a Puritanical, atmosphere; and although he afterward could speak of "the bray of Exeter Hall" and of the absurdity of the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality, his own mind was not altogether free from cant. His defence of William III. for his complicity in the bloody massacre of Glencoe is an instance of this. It would be unfair, however, to emphasise this point. There was a lighter side to his nature, a playful side, that made him a delightful companion. It is pleasant to learn, too, that in his voracious reading he included foolish books now and then. Nor was the time altogether wasted. To know the best in literature is of the first consequence; but to know only the best is to miss a full acquaintance with the history of the human mind. From one point of view Mrs. Radcliffe is as well worth reading as Fielding.

Much might be said about Macaulay's political career, which was useful and reasonably successful. Perhaps the greatest public service he did was his work of four years in India, where he had much to do with drafting the penal code and organising a scheme of education. He went into Parliament, and rose to a Cabinet position. But one cannot help feeling that his talents were wasted here. He was not a great statesman; he was a great writer. There was no reason why he should give up to party what was meant for mankind. "To take Macaulay out of literature and society, and put him in the House of Commons"—to quote Sydney Smith once more—"is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence." Of what other man of letters of the time could as much have been said, even in jest? It was well that Macaulay's failure in 1847 to secure a re-election for Edinburgh withdrew him from the House and gave him time to pursue his literary labours.

For, with all its faults, the *History* is a noble work. It is one of the few works of its class which belong in the fullest sense to literature. The historian is not of necessity a man of letters. Literary merit is incidental to his main task. Who reads the historians of the past for the simple pleasure of it, or for any other reason than to acquire facts? Gibbon, perhaps, holds his own as a writer pure and simple; but Hume is dead, and so is Robertson and many another whom once no gentleman's library could have been without. There is no one of a later time, barring Froude, and in a lesser degree, Green and Parkman, who can stand comparison with Macaulay in this respect. Dissent from Macaulay's conclusions as we may, quarrel with his assertions as we must, there yet remains in his five ample volumes much to admire, much to enjoy. He is a dangerous writer for the untrained or immature mind; but for those who have some knowledge of their own and can correct his prejudiced and partial statements he may fairly be called indispensable. And that is why, after fifty years, though his tremendous vogue has passed, and we have learned to moderate our transports, he remains a figure in English literature whom we cannot forget or ignore. There will be fewer persons to read the *History* through and fewer still to take its obiter dicta for gospel. But it is not likely to be numbered among the neglected classics whose fame is little better than oblivion.

Even more than the *History,* the *Essays* have a very genuine vitality. In them the wide range of the writer's knowledge is most conspicuously demonstrated. Macaulay was at his happiest, on the whole, in dealing with the statesmen and men of letters of the eighteenth century. His certainty of conviction, his dogmatism, his lack of imagination, may be occasionally annoying, but they do not impair materially the value of his opulent and comprehensive re-creations of a bygone age. Nor, on the whole, are his critical judgments undiscriminating or unsympathetic. Within his limits he has a seeing eye. He gets at the root of the matter with absolute lucidity of comprehension. And if we miss in him the finer touches we need not the less appreciate his sweeping strokes. Whatever happens to the *History,* it is difficult to believe that the *Essays* will not be read an hundred years from now.

Edward Fuller.

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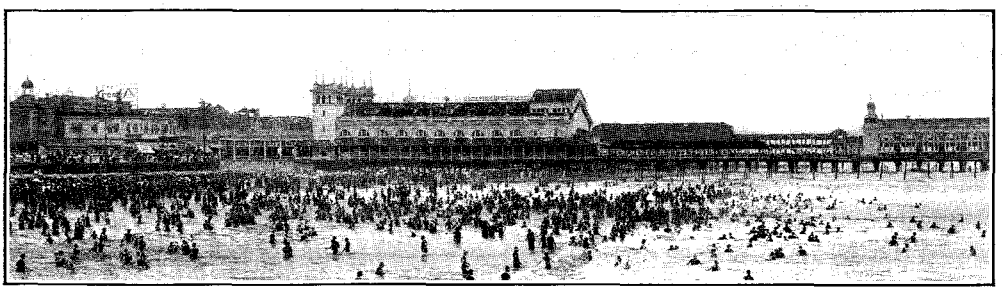

"ATLANTIC CITY, LIKE ANCIENT GAUL, IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTS"

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

X—Atlantic City, N. J.

ATLANTIC CITY, like every other place and like every person, has its varying phases. Its winter phase makes it agreeable to visit, but does not show it as especially unlike the usual self-respecting winter home. A sprinkling of the right sort of people are scattered about in such of its hotels as are themselves of the right sort. They represent dwellers in Northern cities, leaving home for a week or ten days so as to escape the fatigues of Christmas, which has now become the most hideous festival of the entire year. They either know each other, or they have friends in common, and therefore you feel as though you were one of a very pleasant house-party, free to bask in the glorious sun-parlours, and to smoke pretty much everywhere you like; while the service and the cuisine are always unexceptionable. It is really very delightful to spend Christmas week, for instance, in Atlantic City. You are in the company of well-bred people—of men who are intelligent, of matrons who are cordial, and of pretty girls who are properly chaperoned, after the fashion which satisfies the conventions, but which also tactfully implies that there is no real need of chaperonage.

The second phase of Atlantic City is seen about Easter-time. Then the place wakens into life of a more active sort. The air is soft. There is a hum of activity along the Boardwalk. There is a good deal of display in the matter of feminine costumes. One gets an impression of flowers and of dainty things. There is just enough crispness in the air to give it an exhilaration while suggesting still the nascent spring. A note is sounded that will soon deepen into something more vibrant and intoxicating; yet in April it merely sounds, ever so faintly, the penetrating call. But even then, although thousands of visitors are in evidence, the Atlantic City of which I am going to write has not yet been roused from its sluggish winter sleep. Like the Mugger of Mugger-Ghât, it still lies well concealed and merely stirs its tail, so to speak, making only the very slightest ripple in the tranquil surface overhead.

But go to Atlantic City in midsummer, when the whole place has sprung into a wild, barbaric, roaring madness, and then you will see something the like of which can exist neither in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth. At least, so I should fancy. There may be other regions somewhere below that resemble it, but they certainly cannot surpass it in

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ON THE BOARDWALK

luridness or in a great many other things.

In the first place, however, for the benefit of such as have never been there, I ought to give a sort of general descriptive background of all the rest that I am to narrate. Picture to yourself a boardwalk—not a little skimpy boardwalk, but a vast wooden avenue, stretching for seven miles along the ocean front, and reared so high above the sea, that, at high tide, a mass of rushing, foaming, thundering waves comes plunging underneath it. Between the Boardwalk and the sea there is at low tide a great strip of sand which is probably white at the beginning of the summer, but which assumes the colour of pepper and salt after a few millions of human animals have wallowed in it during the heated season. On this strip of sand there is a multitude of tents, and thousands of easy canvas chairs in which you can lie back and look up into the sky and think of nothing. There are also donkeys and donkey-boys, and ponies and mangy horses, and "artists" who execute seascapes in the damp sand; and there are also itinerant venders of every sort of edibles that no one ever ought to touch, from "salt-water taffy" and great pink canes of peppermint candy reeking of glucose, down to peanuts and "hot dogs." Again, there must be at least fifty thousand people scattered about in bathing clothes of every possible shape and size and colour. They come in phalanxes from out the bathing-houses which debouch beneath the Boardwalk; and the bathers yell if they be males, or they shriek and giggle if they be females, and they sprawl in the sand and do almost everything except to plunge into the sea. It is a fearsome sight to watch this writhing, weltering host. Now and then you may perceive a pair of innocent young girls playing in the sand, entirely unconscious of the saturnalia which is all about them; but, as a rule, the antics of the mob are neither joyous nor edifying.

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"THEY DO ALMOST EVERYTHING EXCEPT TO PLUNGE INTO THE SEA"

Shock-headed youths lie with their heads in the laps of frowsy-looking women who comb their hair; and those who are interested in the subject may classify at least a hundred new varieties of public love-making. All this is what you see—or rather a part of what you see—down on the sand below the Boardwalk. It goes on without any intermission from sunrise until midnight; and the bellowing and braying and hooting and shrieking are enough to qualify almost any one for Bedlam.

But, after all, this pandemonium in the sand, though it be enough to make Atlantic City in summer the maddest place on earth, is really nothing whatsoever by comparison. People on the Boardwalk above barely give it more than a casual glance. The Boardwalk itself is the second phenomenon; and the great hotels back of the Boardwalk with their heterogeneous adjuncts form the third and most peculiar feature of the place. Atlantic City, therefore, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts. What passes for Atlantic City on the maps—that is to say, the commercial and indigenous portions, we may leave out of sight altogether. Probably there are people inhabiting some of these back-streets who have never seen the Boardwalk in all their lives. Therefore let us not discuss the actual town at all, and speak only of what is meant by the average individual when he says (in summer) that he is going to Atlantic City.

They are marvellous, these huge hotels, which extend at intervals along the seven miles of boardwalk. A few of them are everything that could be desired. A good many of them are slightly "sporty." A great many others are such that you would neither care to visit them nor to mention them to your friends. Like the great Baedeker of Germany, in whose footsteps I am humbly treading, I may venture to set down here the names of just a few hotels that are absolutely safe. The mention of them involves no necessary reflection upon the others. It is like the asterisk which you

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"ON THIS STRIP OF SAND THERE IS A MULTITUDE OF TENTS"

will find prefixed in the guide-books of my model to the names of certain hostelries. The others may or may not be of the first order; but these surely are. Such, for instance, is the Hotel Brighton, which combines quiet, comfort, luxury, and dignity in the most admirable fashion. I think that I can say as much for the Traymore and certainly for Haddon Hall. Many of the others I have never stayed in, and I have sometimes wished that of those which I did explore I had never seen any of them. But after all, life is life; and an irresponsible traveller must look into the wierder corners of the earth and get the full rich flavour of a haunt such as Atlantic City. Consequently I say nothing about those parts of it where you find well-bred people acting in a well-bred fashion. It is much more instructive to visit the lairs which make up the Atlantic City jungle; and to study the habits and customs of the animals who swarm there.

Really, in the first place, it is difficult to know just where one should begin—such a wealth of marvels lies open to the view. I may premise, however, with a bit of practical philosophy, to the effect that you can always judge of the real nature of a hotel and of its patrons by observing the conduct of the waiters in its dining-room. It makes no difference whether you pay two dollars a day or ten dollars a day for the same sort of a room. This is no criterion of excellence or of character. I have in mind one of the most expensively constructed hotels in Atlantic City. The view from it is beautiful. Its appointments are luxurious. Its prices are fabulous. That is where I started in. Going to luncheon, I was struck by the beauty of the room; but on my way to my place, the head waiter, who conducted me, was thrust aside by another head waiter, who claimed that I was his lawful prey. They stopped right there to have it out, shaking their fists in each others' faces and uttering curses which were both low and deep. Leaving them to brawl to their hearts' content, I quietly picked out a place for myself; but not for fifteen minutes did any waiter appear to serve me. When he did so appear, he addressed me casually as "Boss," and when he quite failed to understand something that I said, he remarked (with a rising slide) "Huh?" Now any human being who says "Huh?" no matter what the occasion

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"YOU MAY PERCEIVE A PAIR OF INNOCENT YOUNG GIRLS"

or to whom, ought to be impaled upon a stake and burned alive *pour encourager les autres*. Such a person has sunk to the very lowest depths of barbarism, and the world can have no use for him. Coming back, however, to this particular waiter, he loafed and dawdled, leaned easily against the wall at intervals, and dropped into a casual conversation. At the last, when I desired a light, he produced a box of pink-headed matches and ignited one upon the seat of his trousers. And this was in one of the most elaborate and expensive hotels of Atlantic City! What was the real significance of what I saw? Why simply that the people whom these waiters had served were practically no more civilised than gorillas. *Quails dominus talis servus.* This rule has a universal application. Note it down, and remember it not merely in Atlantic City, but all over the world. The servant always reflects the general attitude of the persons whom he habitually serves. So, in the Atlantic City hotels, you will see men clapping the waiters on the back, and you will see women dressed in Paris gowns talking familiarly and jesting with their servitors, who inwardly despise them; for a really good waiter is one of the finest flowers of civilisation. He knows, or comes to know quite soon, the difference between pinchbeck and true metal; and even a ten-dollar tip from an Altoona bar-keeper cannot extract from him more than a perfunctory civility.

You will find pretty soon that the general run of summer people at Atlantic City are quite in keeping with the waiters and the bell-boys and the office-clerks of the hotels. Of course, there are many who sometimes visit Atlantic City; and there are others who often go there; but it is the ones who *must* go there and who couldn't possibly go anywhere else that interest the scientific mind. They are persons whom, in a whole lifetime, one would never meet in any other place. They represent the strip of territory

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which runs vaguely west from Philadelphia through Ohio, and then somewhere into the Mississippi Valley. I wrote a good deal about them a number of years ago; and I doubt whether there is much that I can add; since more recent observation only shows how right I was.

The men are mainly railroad men and manufacturers—not the heads of railways, but assistants and deputies and lieutenants. They have money in abundance without being vastly rich, and they come to Atlantic City because it so exactly suits their barbarous ideal of what is fine. They know absolutely nothing beyond the narrow limits of their own vocations. They never read a book. They rarely read a magazine. Only now and then do they even read a newspaper. They never think of anything outside the subject of iron or coal or pork or wheat or railway rates. They incarnate crass materialism in its most hopeless form; because they do not even know that there is any other life outside the life they live. They are a wonderful study, a truly fearful spectacle. They are the nether millstone upon whose hard, coarse, flinty surface all the graces of life and all the ideality of existence are ground to atoms. They are incapable even of the enjoyment which they seek, though the glitter and noise and bustle of Atlantic City stimulate their sluggish brains. And therefore they come here and sit in the stuccoed "grottoes" and eat and drink, and chew big black cigars and bully the waiters or else make intimates of them, while they listen to the coon-songs that are played for them in one unending bray of brass. A more joyless set of human beings you can discover nowhere, unless it be among their womenkind—their wives and daughters who accompany them.

A very curious lot of women are these wives and daughters. They have the self-repression of provincials from petty towns, and they dress like princesses of the blood royal. They devote nearly all the daytime to their gowns, in the changing of which they spend many hours, and in the display of which they occupy nearly all the rest. They talk but little. They do not often flirt except as I shall note below. Of anything worth while they are absolutely ignorant; but they know a great deal about milliners and manicures, and they are always superstitious; so that the fifty or sixty palmists, wizards, soothsayers, clairvoyants, hypnotists, Hindus, and pseudo-Egyptians, whose stalls are found along the Boardwalk reap an easy fortune from them. They gossip over these fortune-tellers' yarns; and they have various theories about Zozo Kenilworth, who is supposed to have read the palms of royalty. But neither to them nor to the men they know do the days bring any genuine, spontaneous pleasure. What should they know of pleasure, being ignorant of the fact that pleasure is quite as much subjective as objective; and that, if you are a fool, all the glories of the world are wasted on your vacuous eye and feeble brain? But when the season ends, these people feel that they have done the proper thing. They have dressed much and have displayed their dresses. They have spent long hours with hair-dressers and manicures and practitioners of massage. Hence they go back contentedly to Tonawanda or Pittsburg or Chillicothe for another nine months' period of hibernation. Somehow their story is all told when you note the fact that at the office desks of all the large hotels there are placed heaps of advertising cards which say: "Use Rubbin's Rouge! It Does Not Come Off in the Salt Water."

I have said that women of this type do not flirt to any great extent; and this is true. The Western Pennsylvania woman who arrives here even alone and without a chaperone may be viewed as being absolutely proper when it comes to fundamentals. Yet the things which she will do are rather startling. You find her analogue among Americans in Paris. In that capital of pleasure, the young American girl of seventeen, who at home never goes out without an escort, seldom visits the theatre, and only then to witness plays that are unobjectionable, will in Paris be taken by her own father and mother and brothers to the Jardin de Paris or the Casino de Paris, just as they used to be taken to the Bal Bullier or the Moulin Rouge, there to rub elbows with the foulest creatures upon earth and to watch La Goulue or Grille d'Egout do

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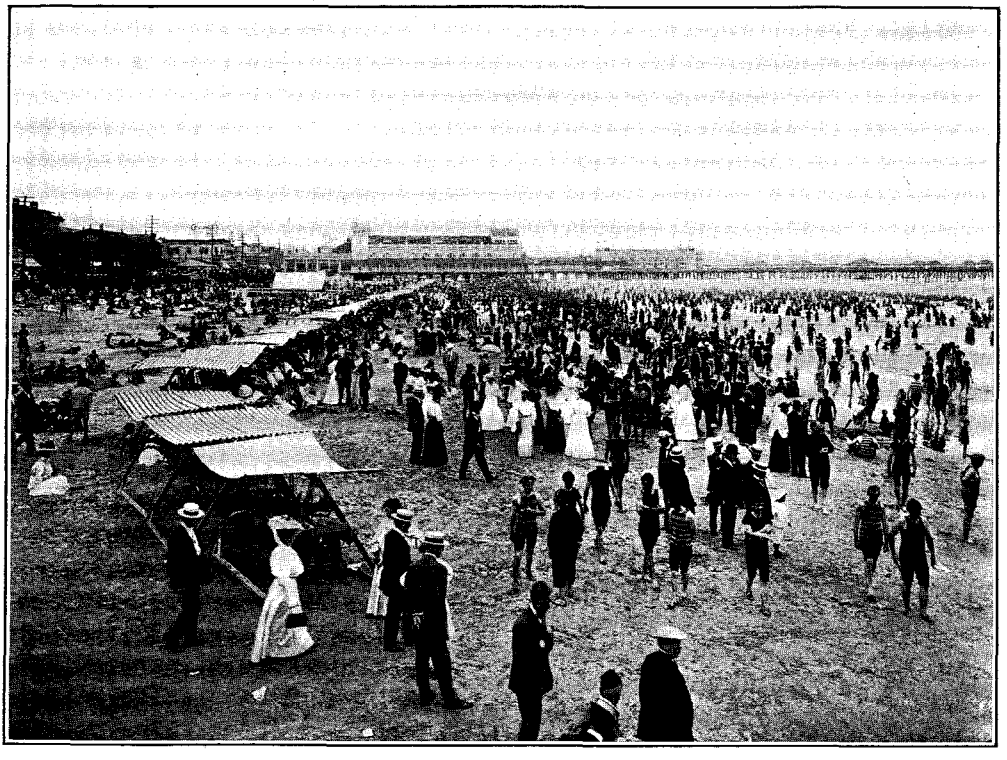
the "split." Thus it is that women who in their home towns are wholly decorous and will never go to anything more exciting than an ice-cream sociable or the strawberry festival of the First Presbyterian Church will, in Atlantic City, be absolutely careless about the minor *mores*. One of these women, staying alone at a hotel, will, after the third meal, become acquainted with some man who sits at the same table with her. On the next day she will be rolling about with him in a "chair," while in less than a week she will be visiting "grottoes" with him in the evening, and drinking high-balls. It is an instructive and curious fact that the high-ball is almost the universal drink among the generality at Atlantic City. Oddly, they resist the temptation of showing off their abundant money by "opening wine," which, in the language of their sort, means drinking freely of the noble vintage of Champagne. But, as I was saying, the lady in question will drink high-balls with this stranger seven nights in the week and yet will not have any thought of harm. Perhaps if her lover or her absent husband knew of her diversions, these would not please him; yet none the less he might rest entirely at his ease.

What appears to be more like genuine flirtation is seen in the case of Southern women whose summers are partly spent in Atlantic City. Indeed, as a rule, only Southern and Western women visit the place in summer. The climate is too enervating for those who live farther north. Let us then take the Southern woman as you see her here. So far as I am aware, the Southern woman has never been described from a psychological point of view. She is a frequent figure in romances, and the writers of ro-



THE BEACH AT NOON

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mances always expatiate on her personal charms. How many novels, I wonder, have used the phrases "luxuriant, dark hair," "the slumbrous eyes," "the easy, indolent grace" and "the soft, caressing voice, with its delicious Southern drawl?" At any rate, these descriptions are stereotyped, and they may be taken as fairly true. But in the books, the Southern woman is made to act and speak and think precisely like any other kind of woman, except that in the more stirring stories she is supposed to be somewhat haughty and revengeful. Perhaps she is haughty and revengeful; but in the ordinary intercourse of life these two traits do not usually come to the surface.

The most striking characteristics of the Southern woman, when one comes to sum them up, are three. First of all, the Southern woman is a man's woman, and not a woman's woman. In the second place, she is a self-confessed and confirmed coquette. And, finally, she is very elementary in both of these, so that she appeals more enduringly to boys who are elementary themselves, and to old men, who find it refreshing to go back to elementary things. When she meets you, the Southern woman intimates that she has made innumerable conquests. She never waits for you to find it out or to infer it from her fascinations; but she tells you all about it. You are permitted to assume, however, that she is not unwilling to break one more heart, and you are encouraged to offer yours for that interesting purpose. It is evident from this that the Southern woman's talk is rather personal, and so it is. She practises all her fascinations on you. She assumes that you are humbly grateful to be ordered here and there. She wants to make you feel her moods, to be downcast at her displeasure, to exult at her graciousness—in short, to revolve about her as one of her attendant satellites. She will accept any amount of flattery, and she likes it in good, strong doses, with all the *i's* dotted and all the *t's* crossed; but she is not really moved by it. She takes it as her rightful due. In short, she is a coquette rather than a flirt; for in true *flirtage* there is a much more delicate shading and far less assumption.

So much for the Southern woman at Atlantic City or anywhere. Of course, I have been speaking only of those portions of Atlantic City which are respectable though *bizarre*. Naturally there is a great deal of coarse and offensive vice, as well as some which hides itself rather artfully from the eye of the casual observer. For instance, the sophisticated know of one hotel along the Boardwalk which is perfect in its appointments, where everything is quiet and apparently reposeful, and where prices are quite in keeping with the rest. It is an excellent hotel; yet no one who visits it is apt to mention the fact, save perhaps to a very intimate friend. There are enough legends current about it to fill a volume; but as I do not know whether they are altogether true, it is hardly worth one's while to mention even the mildest of them. Suffice it to quote the familiar saying that in summer at Atlantic City "everything goes." Last year, the Governor of the State of New Jersey tried to suppress some of the most violently illegal of its pastimes; and he found that the sworn officers of the law impudently refused to act. It was not until he had threatened to quarter troops upon Atlantic City and govern it by martial law that the Boardwalk grew serious and reformed a little bit. It is quite in the Atlantic City spirit that I should love to see about fifty batteries of heavy siege artillery let loose upon the place at once. How magnificent would be the crashing in of all the caravanserais, the shattering of the junk-shops, the saloons, the grottoes, the piers, and the gaudy hotels, while the whole Boardwalk went flaming up to Heaven in seven miles of fire!

But this is perhaps extreme. Take the place as it is and you will have to admit that it is unique. Throw together in one mad jumble, the bazaars of Constantinople, the city of Allahabad during a Mohurrum riot, Mount Vesuvius in eruption, Messina during the earthquake, and five thousand lunatic asylums, and you will have a faint notion of what Atlantic City in midsummer is really like. For, in fact, it does resemble nothing else in the whole wide world. I have often said that if some foreign potentate

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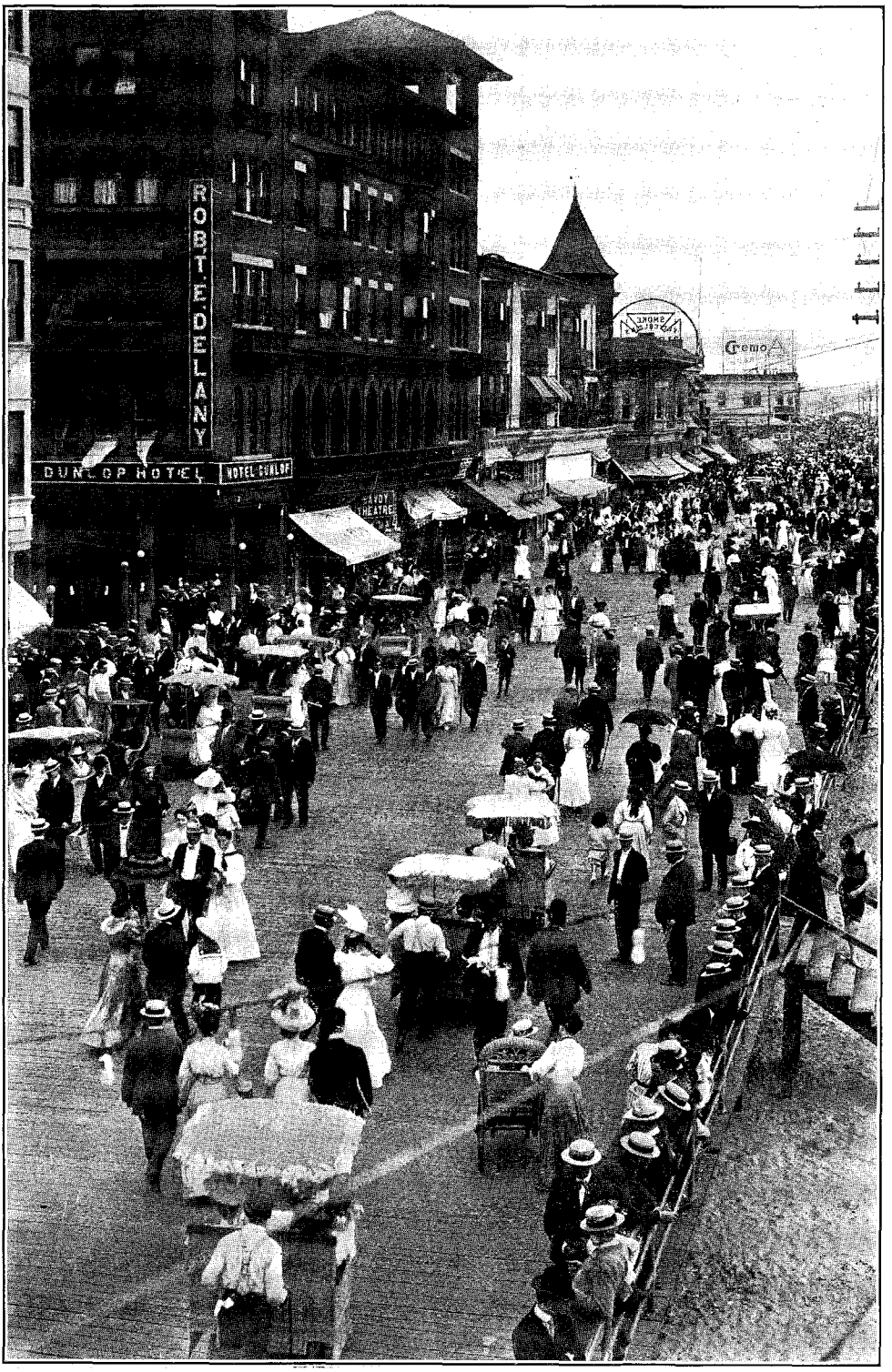

THE BOARDWALK IN THE MORNING

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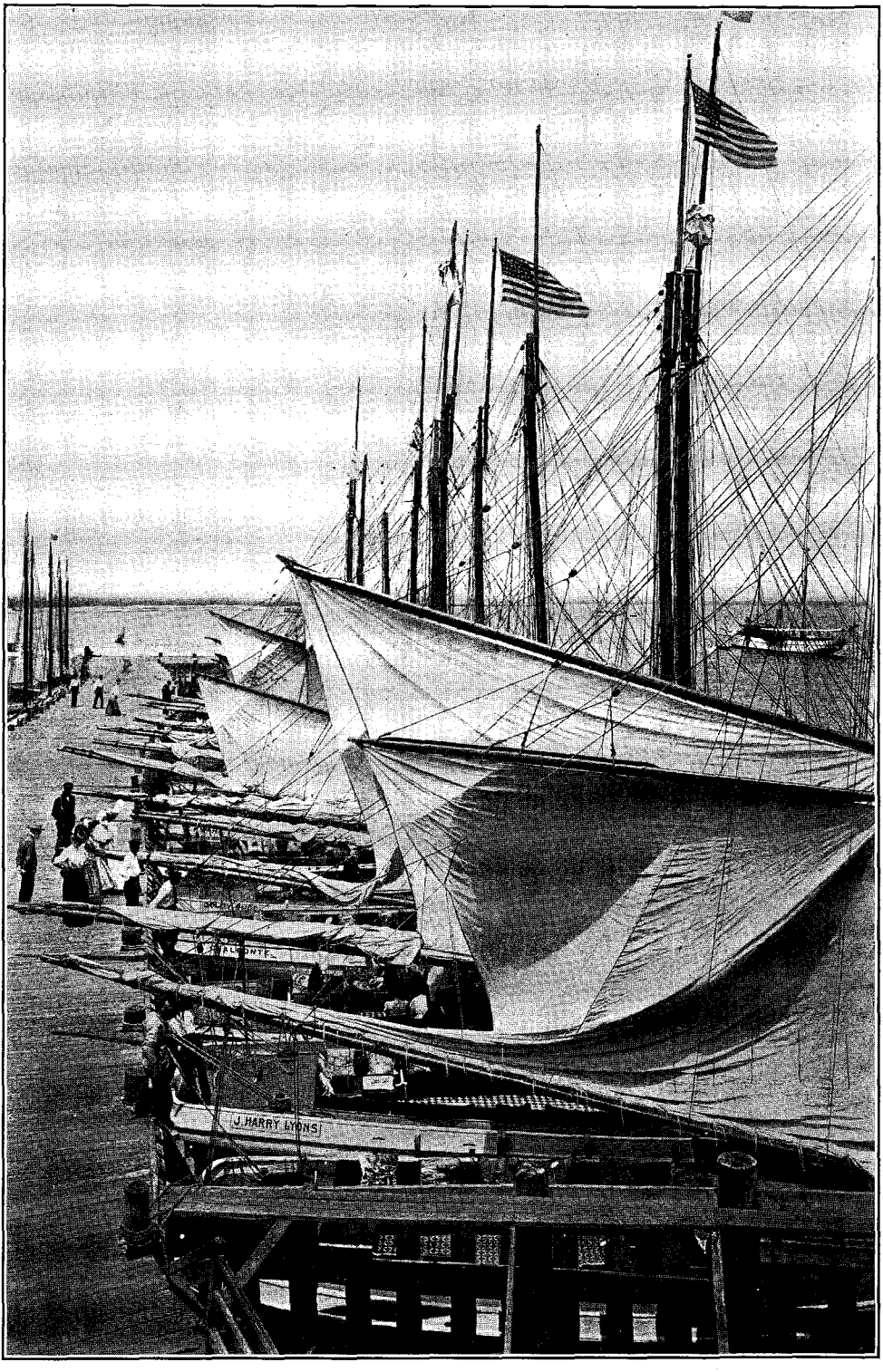

"THE WHITE-SAILED BOATS AT THE INLET"

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were to be turned over to me so that I might show him in America a sight that would impress him beyond anything that he had seen before, I should not take him to Niagara Falls or to the big trees of California or to the Yellowstone or to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, or to the Brooklyn Bridge or to any other place or region of which foreigners have heard. I should hurry him at once to Atlantic City and let the full outrageousness of it burst upon him all at once. From the balcony of some hotel along the Boardwalk, I would bid him look forth. I should absolutely *know* that he was experiencing a genuine sensation.

Atlantic City is an eighth wonder of the world. It is overwhelming in its crudeness—barbaric, hideous and magnificent. There is something colossal about its vulgarity. There is something fascinating in its kaleidoscopic multitudinousness. A brilliant front of seashore extending unbrokenly for miles and miles along the majestic ocean; and then, lining that superb sweep of coast, a frantic, fantastic maniac's dream of peep-shows, cigar-shops, merry-go-rounds, street-pianos, bazaars, hotels, fortune-tellers' booths, Chinese laundrys, theatres, flower-stands, and bar-rooms—of every conceivable size and shape and colour—blue, green, scarlet, gold, and purple—smiting you in the eye and making you gasp at the extravagant outrageousness of it all. And between this gaudy labyrinth and the sea there run the seven miles of boardwalk packed with fifty thousand human beings so jammed together as to resemble a roaring torrent, broken only by the basket-chairs propelled by grinning negroes. Scores of excursion trains vomit other thousands into this seething whirlpool, and they gabble and eat and stew and steam with all the rest.

When darkness falls, then the whole place leaps out in a glare of electric light, until the entire coast seems like a vast single sheet of multicoloured fire. Huge piers thrust their noses far out into the ocean and blazon forth in flaming letters, twenty feet in length, the merits of a certain kind of pickle or of a special brand of rank five-cent cigar. Brass bands crash discordantly into each other's blaring, while scores of orchestras set to work madly in the different hotels and eating-places. Hand-organs grind on forever. A dozen concert-halls send forth fragmentary bellowings to add their seeming cries of agony to the universal din. It is infernal—it is astonishing—and it is infinitely picturesque. No single human being ever could describe it. If we could group together Shakespeare, Rudyard Kipling, Walt Whitman, Upton Sinclair, Thomas W. Lawson and Richard Wagner, and in some way drive them suddenly insane; if we could then fill them full of brandy, and at the height of their wild delirium get them to rave in collaboration about Atlantic City, then they might possibly convey a faint impression of what the place in summer really is. Some foolish persons have compared Coney Island to Atlantic City; but to compare Coney Island, even at its noisiest, to Atlantic City, is like comparing the feeble sputtering of a rain-soaked pinwheel to the concatenated crashing and blasting blinding glare of the Day of Judgment!

And yet it is not all like this. Go down to the Inlet and take any one of the white-sailed boats that are anchored there. It will bear you smoothly over the summer sea to the quiet sands of the Brigantine. Or else, have yourself rolled in a basket-chair toward Chelsea; and there you will see the snow-white beach slope lovingly to the water that comes dimpling in to kiss it. You forget the horrors that you have left behind you. You have come forth from the Pit, and the scorching smell of flame has left you. Here are rest and peace and beauty and the charm of Nature undefiled. And, for the matter of that, and to be quite fair, this, too, is a part of what you can find at Atlantic City.

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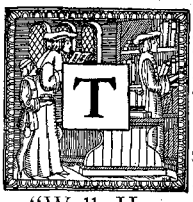
TIN-TYPES OF FICTION

IV—Mr. Tooley on Best-Sellers

(With apologies to Mr. Dunne)



HERE'S nothin' like bein' a Best-seller, Shaughnessy," said Mr. Tooley.

"What's a Best-seller?" inquired Mr. Shaughnessy.

"Well, Hogan ain't, an' no more's our Teddy," answered Mr. Tooley. "Hogan's too modest, and Teddy's too much in the Big Game. When it ain't dollar ante, it's mountain lions, or Chase-the-dago, or Buck-the-Harriman. I hear he's goin' t' Africa, where they haven't heerd iv him."

"What's a Best-seller?" repeated Mr. Shaughnessy.

"A Best-seller," said Mr. Tooley, "is the pride of our Lithrachoor. 'Tis him that makes the wheels go round. 'Tis him builds the mar-rble palaces iv our sthrugglin' publishers, an' sets th' immortal example iv high livin' an' plain thinkin' in a ten-thousand-dollar flat on th' lake front. A Best-seller is a man or a lady that puts his pipe in his mouth an' cur-rls her feet up on the couch in his favourite cosy cor-rner, while their pet kitten takes up its chosen post on their chest—an' writes the Greatest Novel of the Year. They can do it anny time."

"What's the kitten for? I dunno: but there it is—if it ain't a puppy or a parrot or some other dear little natural chest-protictor. You can see their pitchers in th' Critical Jour-rnals anny day. There was a time, ere England's griefs began, as Hogan says, whin a poor if dishonest author cud sthrip t' his suspendhers, go out into his back-yar-rd, put his feet on the ash-can, an' rob the public in comfort, at th' reasonable r-rate iv a dollar a column an' return postage. That was before he became a great man. He hasn't anny back-yard now, an' if he had he wudn't go into it, an' if he did he'd have on his coat an' his kitten, an' there'd be rayporthers snapshootin' him over th' alley fence, an' a movin' pitcher machine prayin' on him fr'm the gr-raveyard on th' back sthreet.

"No, th' only way he can get anny privacy these times is t' go out in public an' stay there. I heerd iv wan iv these Best-sellers that had an English valley—one iv yer 'very-well-sir, annything-more-sir' threasures. Bodge his name was with little black side-whiskers an' r-rubber feet. Thrusty Bodge his masther called him, an' not unwillin' t' have it leak out he'd wance been valley to th' Dook iv Naples, or some such furrin half-portion iv a man. Well, wan day Thrusty was wrappin' up masther in wan of his neckties—number two hundred an' forty-three, the pa-apers said, white, with red polka-spots——"

"What ar-re these polka-spots?" interrupted Mr. Shaughnessy.

"An' you a married man!" said Mr. Tooley reproachfully. "They're a kind iv cloth measles th' salesladies have. Thrusty was puttin' them on, I say, whin masther notes a queer glass button in th' button-hole iv Thrusty's coat. 'What's that?' he says, 'Thrusty, me man,' he says. Thrusty tur-rns green t' his whiskers. 'Come, caitiff,' says masther, or some other handy wurrud th' patent's off—'come, sirrah! Answer me, or I'll thrun you down th' light-well an' ax you afther!' 'Yes, sir, very well, sir,' says Thrusty, buckin' up, as well he might, ''Tis only the button of th' United Ordher of British Walleys,' he says. 'Doff it! doff it!' cries th' Best-seller, 'an' never let me see it more.' An' with that he gives a pull at th' button. But Thrusty breaks away, an' off he goes, whiskers, button, an' all; an' the Best-seller never sees anny iv them no more.

"But next week the *Litherary Digester* shows a full-length pitcher iv Thrusty's masther, clad in a bath-towel, as caught by Thrusty's little buttonhole camera in th' coorse iv his mornin' ablootions. Undher the pitcher they wrote, 'An Unconventional Porthrait.' It was."

"An' what did *he* do?" asked Mr. Shaughnessy.

"Him?" said Mr. Tooley. "What wud anny man do? He bought a hundred copies iv the pa-aper, an' sint them around t' his frinds!"

John Wolcott.

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A GHOST IN IRVING PLACE

IN spite of all the Societies for the Prevention of things in New York, every year we see the vanishing of another old landmark. The brick and brown-stone city where our grandfathers lived and loved and walked abroad is vanishing in the busy house wreckers' storm of dust. But there are still corners that preserve their air of old-time gentility, houses that recall great families, and streets whose names echo in the memory like notes of a forgotten tune.

Irving Place is one of the by-ways that leads to thoughts of New York yesterdays, since it was named for Washingtone Irving, the first famous American to make writing a profession. This side street runs its short course of six blocks, from Fourteenth Street, where the old Academy of Music caps the corner, north to Gramercy Park. Its days as a residence quarter are over now that the land agent is abroad. Block after block of old high stoop houses have come down to make room for business. The Westminster Hotel, where Dickens stayed, is gone, and the Irving home on the next corner is doomed to become only a memory.

It stands half way along the Place, at the corner of Seventeenth Street, an old three-storied brick house painted white, with a long sheltered balcony overhanging the sidewalk and a bay-window looking north and west to Union Square. To this house of his nephew, John T. Irving, came the travelled old writer for short visits up to town in the late '40's. It is Washington Irving's last city home, since the passing of his birthplace, the family "Hive," near Bowling Green, and his rooms in Colonnade Row, now tottering its fall, in Lafayette Street.

Since 1833 Irving had been settled at "Sunnyside," the quiet country house overlooking the Hudson below Tarrytown. This vine-covered cottage, of which he talks and plans so delightfully in the *Letters,* was a complete realisation of that dream of home which had been in his thoughts during all those seventeen years he wandered through Eu-

WASHINGTON IRVING AT SUNNYSIDE

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A PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG AUTHOR
LONDON, 1820

rope. It was here he received his friends and family with that genial hospitality which made him so well beloved. But the life of the man about town he could never forget. He had been a dandy in his younger days and has left in the pages of *Salmagundi* a delightful record of the foibles and fancies of old New York Society. These papers were written anonymously with J. K. Paulding and several other young bucks. They have the whimsical flavour of *The Spectator,* and it was from the gentle humour and sentiment of their style that the town called him "The American Addison."

So it was he came to the city every winter over a few weeks, to renew his youth in the social life of drawing-rooms, dinner parties and a round of opera going. In 1848 he writes: "One meets all one's acquaintances at the opera, and there is much visiting from box to box, and pleasant conversation between the acts. The opera house is, in fact, the great feature of polite society in New York, and I believe is the great attraction that keeps me in town. Music is to me the great sweetness of existence, and I never enjoyed it more than at present." A few years later, when Thackeray was lecturing in New York, he and Irving often had quiet evenings together at the Clarendon. Irving would slip round the corner to the novelists' hotel, where they could smoke and chat of London friends, to cheer the homesick author.

The gallant old bachelor of sixty-five still kept the charm which made him such an engaging youth to the belles of Golden Hill. Perhaps it was the memory of beautiful Matilda Hoffman, whom he had loved and lost in his early days, which kept him unmarried to the end.

His social popularity had been crowned in 1809 by the literary success of his *Knickerbocker History of New York,* and at twenty-three he is described as a handsome young beau about medium height, with dark grey eyes and a most winning smile. Irving's was always a triumph of personality. By his perfect good humour and graceful manners he won as complete a victory in the *beau monde* of London as he had in New York or Philadelphia.

We like to picture him in these last years as the "Restored Absentee," a dapper little gentleman, dressed with all his old school taste, wearing a short Talma cloak, that hangs from his shoulders, and "low quartered shoes." There is a quaint Dutch air about his appearance that suggests the familiar name of "Old Knick," by which his friends loved to call him in memory of *The Knickerbocker History.* Indeed he might have stepped from the pages of *Bracebridge Hall* or the *Sketch Book,* breathing an atmosphere so simple and free from self-consciousness, that none would dream of his being the most famous American man of letters.

It is nearly sixty years ago that some mellow afternoon in October he hops from the Broadway stage at Fourteenth

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THE IRVING HOUSE IN IRVING PLACE

Street, and skirting the palings of Union Square, he walks gayly toward the house in Irving Place. The large room with its long windows to the east is where he wrote the *Life of Oliver Goldsmith,* his favourite author, and arranged the notes for his last book, a *Life of Washington.* The windows are open, and away across the fields the level light of late afternoon flushes the white sails of a schooner that is dropping down the East River with the tide. Sitting there in the twilight, leaning on the balcony rail, we leave him to dream of his great days in London, where Scott and Tom Moore were his friends. Days in Paris, Madrid and finally Grenada, where his rooms in the Alhambra are still kept just as he left them, and where his memory is the real genius of place after more than eighty years.

Lawrence Williams.

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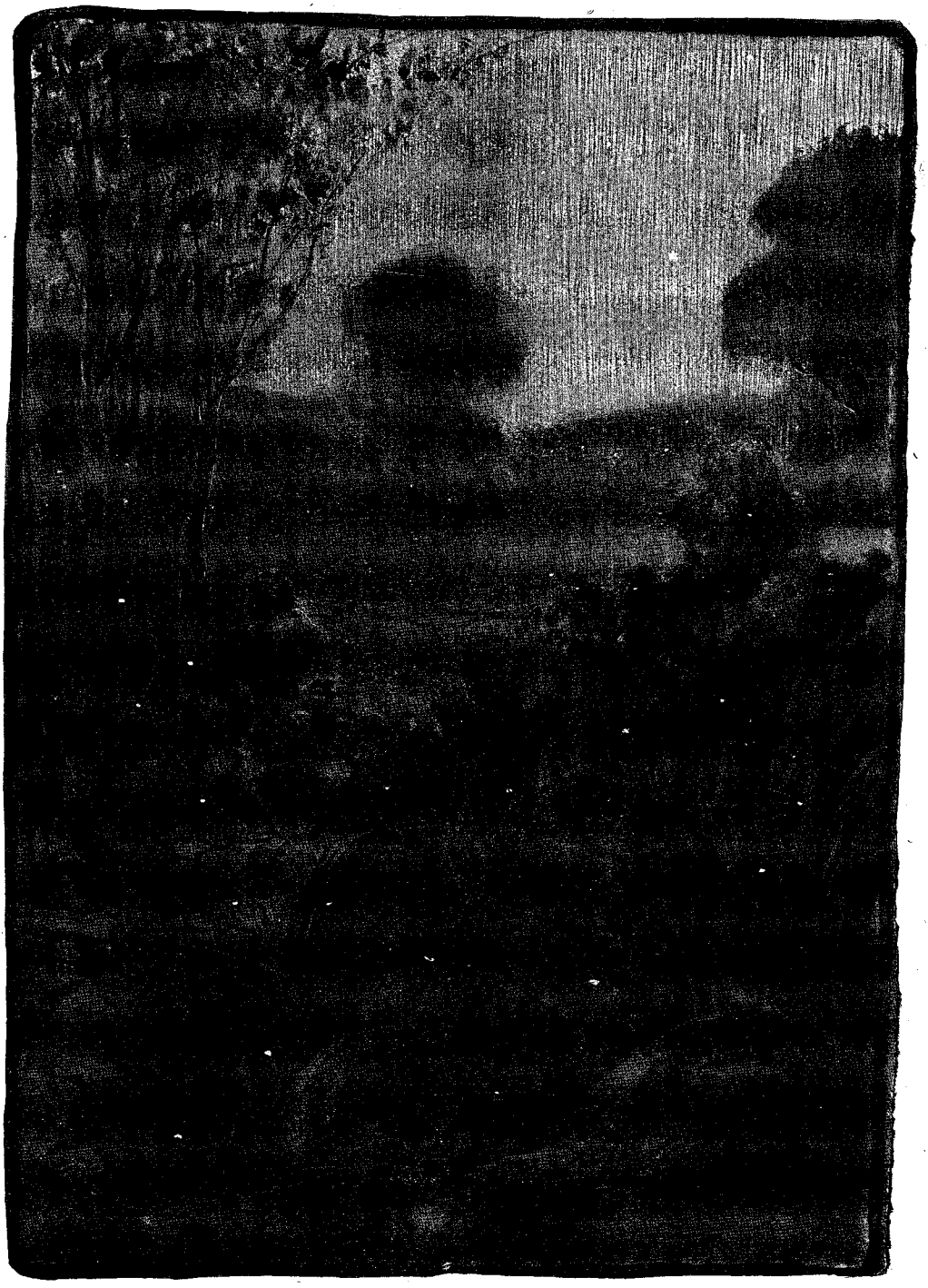

DRAWN BY THOMAS FOGARTY.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Spoke the firefly's heart to the star:
"O Love, the sweet summer through
Must you glitter so coldly afar
While I meekly perish for you?"
And she said: "I am only a star."

THOMAS WALSH.

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FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "History of New York"*

One can hardly point to a longer felt want in historical literature than that which this volume and its successor supply. For the history of New York has assuredly not before been written. Praiseworthy and pious pains the Historical Society and the State, if not the city, have taken to collect and preserve the materials for the history. Decidedly not the city, for it was said of old that, to the modern rulers of the municipality, the history of New York begins with the Irish potato-famine of 1846. But the State has done its part toward its own commemoration. The labours of Brodhead and O'Callaghan have been recently supplemented by the creation of the office of State Historian, and by the exhumations into print of inedited documents of high importance. But it cannot be said that these sources have been used. *Caruerunt quia vate sacro.* O'Callaghan is a mere annalist without pretensions to the higher character of an historian. Probably nobody now resorts to the late William L. Stone's "History." It is odd how attractive the field has been to female writers. But Mary Booth's "History" is but a hasty potboiler, and Martha Lamb's a sort of Colonial "peerage." In the *Dutch and Quaker Colonies* John Fiske showed his unfailing scent for what was important and what was interesting. But his studies were much too slight and cursory to be satisfactory to a real student, let alone that they were deformed as to New York by an obsession of "Knickerbocker." In spite of the extensive existing bibliography, Mrs. Van Rensselaer came upon what was almost a virgin field. It is plain that she has toiled in it long and faithfully. Plain also that she has those qualities of an historian which come not by observation. Not only has she no retainer, but she has so high a sense of historical fidelity, of justness and clearness, of relation and proportion. It is mere and manifest justice to say that, while her work may very probably be supplemented, as new evidence comes to light, it seems impossible that it will be superseded. From the day of its appearance it takes rank as "standard."

There was no other American colony which had at all the same origin as New Netherland. Henry Hudson was like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. The dream of the Northwest Passage possessed him through life, him and his employers of 1609. It is odd, by the way, to come upon Cornbury a hundred years later, deducing his right to run the Dutch church, in New York and New Jersey, from the fact that Hudson was an Englishman and that the river he discovered "is known as Hudson's River to this day." One finds it difficult to distinguish how much of this was ignorance and how much bad faith on the part of the noble lord, who was both very ignorant and very disingenuous. Hudson seeking a short cut to China, via Troy, N. Y., presents, in the light of modern knowledge, a comic spectacle. But Hudson, happening, at the head of navigation upon his namesake river, for a vessel of the *Half Moon's* draught of water, is a conspicuous and impressive figure among the men who have altered the course of human history, a figure in the class of discoverers only below Columbus. It used to be a favourite subject of discourse, in public and in private, of the ingenious and accomplished Governor Horatio Seymour, how the history of New York, and in a great measure of the Union, had been determined by the fact that the head of navigation of the Hudson should coincide with the only practicable gap in the Appalachian chain, that all the other passes should be over the mountains, and only this one "through." Add the navigability of the Hudson, add the harbour of New York, and the imperial destiny of the Empire City, he used to maintain, was

*History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. New Amsterdam. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1909.

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assured from the beginning. The Iroquois, who by turns paddled canoes or trotted trails from Albany to Onondaga, with a branch trail to Oswego and Lake Ontario, were the true surveyors of the Erie Canal and of the New York Central Railroad. And in fact, when beaverskins were the chief product of the hinterland, and Albany the point from which they were transhipped to sailing vessels, which is to say at the very beginning of the Dutch settlement, the trail was already the "Central" road.

The peculiarity of New Netherland was that it was not, under the Dutch West India Company, treated "at home" as a colony or a settlement, as a "plantation," to use the seventeenth-century expression, but only as a trading station. The closest analogy to the origin of Manhattan and Fort Orange was that, in a subsequent time, of the Hudson's Bay trading stations, which were not and did not become "settlements" at all. Just as the original object of the Spaniards in their American operations was to "clean out" the supply of the precious metals at the earliest moment and then leave the metalliferous country to relapse into its primitive savagery, so was the object of the Dutch West India Company to acquire the greatest amount of peltry in the shortest time. Indeed, their purpose was even more exclusively mercantile than that of the Spaniards, with whom, as with the French in Canada, the Christianisation of the natives played a considerable part. From the point of view of old Amsterdam, settlers in New Amsterdam were important only as they raised enough to subsist the traders and victual the ships. Moreover, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer shows, the greater prizes of the Spanish treasure ships tended, during the days of the Company's greatest prosperity, to divert the attention of the Company even from the furs of the North American backwoods. In any case, the words are entirely justified which she quotes from the Dutch historian, Japikse:

> Never, perhaps, has a colony been treated in a more stepmotherly fashion than was the little maritime settlement which had established itself in 1626 on the spot where New York was to develop.

The system of patroonships, which, our author reasonably suggests, may have been borrowed from the Portuguese system of "captaincies" in Brazil, would, if it had been encouraged, have counteracted to some extent the evils of a purely mercantile establishment. For the patroonship was expressly devised to encourage immigration. It was, properly, a "plantation" in Bacon's sense, and so "amongst ancient primitive and heroical works." But it is plain that the Dutch governors were jealous of the patroons, as tending to set up a still smaller imperium in their little imperio. It is significant that the patroonships seem to have thriven directly as the distance from the provincial government, and that Rensselaerswyck, which was the most distant, was the most prosperous of all. Stuyvesant's treatment of Cornelis Melyn, who had secured a grant of Staten Island, and tried to populate it, was intensely typical. But, in any case, the Holland of the seventeenth century had not the teeming population which induces emigration, nor was the want of such a population neutralised in Holland by religious persecutions, such as those from which the English Dissenters and the French Protestants fled overseas. The Dutch of Manhattan were bordered and threatened by far more numerous communities of English-speakers. With the decline of the Dutch West India Company, following its greedy and short-sighted administration, it was manifest destiny that the Dutch settlement should be merged or submerged.

Nevertheless it has left its impress upon our cosmopolitan population. The very first of its achievements is thus chronicled:

> Before the *Half Moon* sailed away, a number of Indians had taken three steps toward civilisation. They had seen the effects of firearms, they had got drunk, and they had learned to want European goods.

All the same, the Dutch got on better with the Indians, by dint of justice and kindness, than their English neighbours did, either to the North or to the South, and would have got on with them perfectly, one sees, but for the pragmatism of the governors, and especially of Kieft,

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who was a very mischievous person, and did the settlement more harm than anybody else did it from the inside. And here one comes on what strikes him as a defect in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work. It has none of the portraiture for which one looks, and which she is evidently qualified to produce. In a tale of Homeric simplicity, one wants to know about Ajax and Achilles and even Thersites. But there is not an express "character" in the volume. The leading actors are described only by way of adumbrations and glimpses. Quite possibly, this is another of the results of Irving's mischief. Any serious historian of New York has reason to echo the complaint Mrs. Van Rensselaer quotes from the book of James Grahame, published in 1827:

> Probably my discernment of the unsuitableness of the writer's mirth is quickened by a sense of personal wrong, as I cannot help feeling that he has by anticipation ridiculed my topic and parodied my narrative.

In fact, how can one sit down soberly to characterise Von Twiller or Kieft or Stuyvesant, when one cannot help remembering "Walter the Doubter" and "William the Testy" and "Peter the Headstrong"? Even the gentle satirist himself had some compunctions about the third of this trio of Dutch Governors, when he wrote of Stuyvesant's death—"a valiant soldier, a loyal subject, an upright governor, and an honest Dutchman."

Montgomery Schuyler.

II

Mrs. Conger's "Letters from China"*

As many as a dozen books have already been written in English to tell the story of those two fateful summer months of 1900, when the city of Peking was practically blotted out of existence, when the whole Western world was thrilled in every nerve because of the white men and women and children who were surrounded there by five hundred thousand yelling, horn-blowing, shrieking devils, and when only by inches did the allied forces of Europe and America blast and hack a bloody way to the relief of those who waited for them. Even so, we could wish that more books still might be written and published to tell this intensely dramatic story; for there is still much to be told—much that only a few white men really know, and much likewise of which the knowledge will never reach any save the Orientals. Nothing so far has equalled Mr. Weale's *Indiscreet Letters from Peking,* written with a mind still full of bitterness and cynicism, but with its truth confirmed from every other record that has yet appeared.

Mrs. Conger's thick volume of some four hundred pages and about forty illustrations has an interest of its own. In the first place, it is essentially a woman's book, written with slight knowledge of political movements and of the final causes of things. It dwells profusely upon small details about eating and drinking and needle-work, and descriptions of vases and bric-à-brac. Though she was the wife of the American Minister, she had a feminine fondness for trifles which, in a certain way, is almost heroic; for when cannons were crashing all about her, and bullets were rattling like hail upon the roofs, and pieces of shell were making havoc of drawing-rooms, she was more concerned about the fact that, in order to make sand-bags for the breastworks, she was obliged to bring out all her new linen, fresh from America, and let her sheets and pillow-cases and tablecloths be stuffed with earth. All these small matters she recalls minutely. She loses altogether the superbly dramatic scene of the final rescue, when regiments of panting Sikhs burst into the British compound, while at the same moment, American infantry were planting on the Great Wall the most beautiful flag that flies.

However, it is nearly all good reading, albeit about a third could be eliminated. Yet if this third had been eliminated we should lose the delightfully unconscious self-revelation of a woman coming from a small town in the West into the society of foreign diplomats at a time when the

*Letters from China. By Sarah Pike Conger. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

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world seemed shaken by the awakening of the yellow race. The two portraits of the late Mr. Conger are alone worth the price of the book; and we should hate, if we were editing these pages, to strike out anything which has the touch of the small Western town so clearly shown—it is so deliciously incongruous—the frequent scriptural quotations, the allusions to intimate domestic affairs, the mention of "daughter Laura" and "father Conger," and all the news about the baby and what is happening at dear old Galesburg or in the (to us) unknown world of Adel, Iowa. One is not altogether surprised that Mrs. Conger was so taken in by the Tiger Empress, whom she speaks of as often as possible as "Her Imperial Majesty," whose "forty-seven years' reign proved the heart and mind-quality which made a strong character, such as history has seldom recorded." It is perhaps to Mrs. Conger's credit that she never heard the undoubtedly authentic history of Her Imperial Majesty, of the murders and mutilations which she inflicted, and of certain other and even more sinister affairs which Mrs. Conger would probably not understand. We wonder, however, whether Mrs. Conger ever asked herself how the legations happened to be besieged at all. When she records that seventy babies were blown up and killed by a single explosion, whose was the master mind that led to this interesting immolation? What was "Her Imperial Majesty" doing at this time, with her strong character and her absolute control? However, we need not press these questions to the point of rudeness.

As it is, "the many conversations awarded me with Her Majesty" lead the author to say:

> The Empress Dowager has received me, officially and socially, to an acquaintance that grew into friendship. . . . May this dawning of a brighter day, revealing the character of Chinese women, increase to noonday splendour; and in this splendour may the world recognise the real character of this Imperial Ruler!

It is to laugh. We fancy that the world has already recognised the real character of this Imperial Ruler pretty thoroughly; but it is rather nice to hear Mrs. Conger talk about her. If the Tiger Empress herself were still alive, and if this book could be rendered into good Chinese, she would undoubtedly enjoy a perusal of it hugely.

There is another little matter that interests us. After her return from China, Mrs. Conger sold at public auction an enormous quantity of the most precious oriental antiques. The press did not exactly call it loot, but there was a general desire to ask the famous question which has been so often put to Mr. Richard Croker. In her book, Mrs. Conger, with great naïveté, has given us a glimpse or two; and here also is another section of feminine psychology,—psychology that has to do with a slightly ethical obliquity. It is beautiful to see how often Mrs. Conger took down her Bible and read out passages of it to her daughters, or to any one that happened to be there. It is also beautiful, in a way, to come, soon after, upon such sentences as this:

> I just wish that you could realise what lovely, valuable things come my way.

Then we hit upon the following:

> Prayers, rich and earnest, during the awful siege went up in one devout petition for the safety of the foreigners in North China. We caught the sweet answer and saw God's hand and power to save and protect.

Then, again, on the other side:

> Friends—seekers after treasures—bring many things to me from their delving into the unexplored regions and kindly take me into byways where time, unmolested, has deeply buried things of rare value.

We should rather think so; but we should also like to have a Chinese opinion on the subject.

Richard W. Kemp.

III

William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man"*

This brilliant writer, whose brilliancy must perforce lose something of its qualities in a long narrative, is an acknowledged authority on his subject. He

*A Certain Rich Man. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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presents here essentially a series of biographical accounts more or less interplaying—an overflowing document lived. Mr. White has adapted himself and his style to this story of a Kansas town, together with some of its distinctive characters, all growing up from the late 50's to maturity and old age in 1909. As he himself would doubtless say, it is a loosely bounded topic wherein he can "slosh around"; where manners, customs, language have been more informal than normal, more earnest than lovely—where existence, in short, has been impromptu and untoward. He has drawn the scene, however, with a tender hand. He has put in "woods" where one would have expected scant "timber"; he has given the reader the sense of plenty of water for damming and fishing instead of shallow mud streams and "dry times."

His main business, as he stands at the window of his editorial sanctum and points out to us his fellow-townsmen passing along the street on their various errands of life, is to describe them, to "reminisce," to moralise, sentimentalise, sermonise. He pulls well at our heart strings with his descriptions of these hard struggles, these frontier hopes, virtues, shortcomings. The bits of poetry and the fun of his characters, the certain gauntness of their pioneer experiences, make a genuine appeal. It is heroic rather than dramatic; and no stranger should behold the spectacle without reverence, for of such were the daring hearts who built up the empire of our West. There was no other people to go out into these hostile borders of the Great Conflict and do it. Naturally God was felt to be on their side. And in these pages He is freely invoked as being actively, if somewhat despairingly, concerned in the small as well as large anxieties of Sycamore Ridge—Deity being a kind of synonym for the will of the majority in this democracy.

It is true to the picture. For, to repeat, no one understands better than Mr. White the religious, social and business scheme and mechanism of a Missouri River Valley town. There are many of his smaller scenes in which he is wonderfully happy. The children of the Ridge, its propagandist, its poet, its old soldier in his blue uniform, its land "boomers," round out properly and copiously the recital. And all the while the topic of Prohibition is adroitly omitted.

Next to these living figures, shown rather in memory than in action, one feels that Mr. White has most at heart his direct brief, shod with arrows, against the hard and grasping rich. No liberal sermon could well be more popular than his paragraphs on those monarchs of wealth who, by reason of their money, conduct themselves above civic obligations and above the desire and need of Christian love—who are still so tenacious of their engrafted rights, so bent on the keen, spectacular game of their own colossal fortunes.

It would seem that this particular captain of industry, John Barclay, the hero of the story, suffers somewhat in consequence. The difficult psychologist will likely find a bone to pick over this character, who has evidently not aroused the fullest interest of its creator. He is treated from the exterior—from our office window across the street. An American novelist would, in fact, be quite exclusively fortunate who had lived with a John Barclay intimately in the beginnings, upgrowth and culmination of his career, and who possessed at the same time the literary power in time-resisting English to depict the *raison d'être,* the inmost fears and stresses, of his subject from the inside toward the outside. For the multi-millionaire, much as we chastise him, is human after all. He has his own natural view of life, his self-indulgent justifications, his uphill fights, his bitter tales of ingratitude, his peculiar heroisms. He, too, is a logical product as well as a fearful if envied example.

It was obviously not Mr. White's ambition or object to grapple in profound earnestness with John Barclay, to make of him a master personage. Nor may the lack here be particularly felt amid so many chapters brimming with good, plain people who are reproduced with adept skill in photography softened with the visions of tenderness and sentiment. *A Certain Rich Man* is an exceptionally successful performance. It is a legitimate child of love and of years.

Stuart Henry.

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IV

Lucas Malet's "The Score"*

When a story impresses you as being essentially and pre-eminently modern you may also feel certain of one or two other matters concerning it. It is not an immortal story, for instance, and it is likely to be the creation of the brain rather than the heart. It may be immensely clever —it usually is—it may sparkle with a thousand gems of wit and sarcasm, but the great simple wisdom of the human heart does not pulsate within it, and it remains a record rather of manners and conventions than of feelings and experience which are in the end life itself. The modern note, insistently struck, becomes false and ceases to key with the master song of humanity.

Books of this sort often make, however, the most agreeable and entertaining reading. Like some smart worldling attired in fashionable garments who drops in for afternoon tea and regales you with a running, amusing commentary on the acquaintances among whom his life is passed, you greet the volume with a smile and pleasant anticipations of an hour's relaxation, quite sure that your heart will not be wrung nor the deep and difficult recesses of your spirit disturbed. There may be murder and sudden death in the tale, but dark and dire though the events may be, held in the shimmering alembic of all that is passing rather than eternal in the human soul, the result will still be light and even frivolous. For every book is, finally, not the sum of the incidents related, but of the writer's own conception of what the experience of life really is.

The two stories contained in Lucas Malet's last book, *The Score,* are concerned with sufficiently vital, even tragic matters. In the first, "Out in the Open," we are told of a woman, a charming and successful actress, who, on account of past occurrences in her life and because of an unselfish desire for her friend and lover's best interests, comes to a momentous and noble decision, sacrificing not alone a marriage of brilliance and fortune, but love itself. In the second story the theme is the psychology of evil, the impress made by one soul upon another, and the background is picturesque with an Italian convent and a death-bed. Tales grim enough and supposedly rooted up from warm and bleeding hearts.

Nevertheless the chink of the teacup pervades them. We are never convinced of Poppy St. John's love, nor even quite sure that the man himself is as impassioned as he would have us believe. All Poppy's talk and analysing leaves us unmoved. At the height of her struggle she sees analogies between her voice and the throbbing of the sea, and all her arguments are dizzyingly clever, but scarcely such as would come from the heart of a truly loving woman. As for Denier, the man with the huge frame and the hot blue eyes, he teters back and forth with a priggish selfishness that hardly arouses sympathy.

> What should he do—take the woman he loved and the chances of humiliation and deferred fruition, conceivably of rank failure in things to him of supreme importance, which, alas! went along with her? Or, dropping the woman, sacrificing the solace and delight of her, playing too but a somewhat scurvy part by her, thereby ensure perfect freedom to devote every energy to the development of a great position and a distinguished name? Constituted as he was, this presented a frightful problem, and one containing elements eminently repulsive to his mind and heart.

In an effort to solve the frightful problem the distracted Denier falls upon Poppy and almost strangles her to death. Failing by this manœuvre to gain her consent to marry him, he proposes a less conventional way out of the difficulty. But no. So he departs, crashing away through the dawn in a motor, while Poppy remains alone in the terrors of an English night—and we are told that these terrors to her city-accustomed soul and body were portentous—to thrash out the subject over again with herself. The next day she reveals a pair of red eyes to her friend and mentor, one of those minor personages Mrs. Harrison so well understands and so consummately composes, and bursts into the following extempory prose poem:

*The Score. By Lucas Malet. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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Take me back, dear man, away from this horrible, overpowering, heartless, rawboned Nature—back to the pavements and houses, the lamps and shops and the streets—back to the dear, dear people who suffer and curse, and laugh and love—for they are dear, all of them, whether they are good or bad. I hate this indecently naked land and sea, naked day and night, naked light and darkness, cloud and fog. . . . it makes me feel sick and believe in nothing—not even in those I have loved best, not even in myself, not even in Almighty God. . . .

The other story, "Miserere Nobis," is the confession of a young man to a priest. It is a confession of murder and of the facts leading to the crime, the picture of the vengeance of a wronged husband upon the body of the betrayer and the soul of the child. It is this son who commits the actual act under the subtle obsession of the stronger spirit beneath whose influence he has grown to maturity. The idea is interesting and capable of revealing much of the complex humanity within us. But Mrs. Harrison has not penetrated far below the surface; while the astounding longwindedness of the dying man cannot fail of imposing too greatly on the reader's sense of illusion.

It is all, as Poppy herself would put it, jolly well done. But as the teacup is set down and there is a premonitory rustle of departure one realises that it was done to show the narrator's cynical wit and easy brilliance. The stories are to be forgotten—but not the story-teller's charm and sparkling if self-conscious grace.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

V

Miss Michaelson's "Michael Thwaites's Wife"*

Miss Michaelson is trying hard to live down her great popular success *In the Bishop's Carriage.* She has the ambition and the commendable courage to branch out into other lines of fiction, and to prove herself capable of something more than a mere story of incident, however good that story may have been. This last book, *Michael Thwaites's Wife,* is something very much more, something almost worth while judged by the higher standards. That it is not absolutely so is due only to a certain lack of artistic restraint, an overloading of incident and emotion toward the end of the story, leading to some serious faults of construction. Otherwise the book is good, most enjoyably good.

It has a story that holds, but it has something more. It contains some fascinating character study, some fine bits of psychological individualising that grip and charm. It shows most commendable self-restraint indeed for so clever a story-teller as Miriam Michaelson to handle a subject such as she has chosen—the involuntary deception of a husband by the substitution of his wife's twin-sister for the wife herself—to handle this subject entirely from the finer psychological point of view, rather than from its melodramatic possibilities. Miss Michaelson has done this so well that she convinces absolutely. We believe the thing could happen and are therefore really interested in watching developments.

It is in construction that the book is uneven, principally in its latter half. The first part of the story, showing the childhood of the people we follow through many years of their lives, is thoroughly delightful. Old Judge Thorley in his old house, with his charming dinner-hour theorising, is a person we would like to meet. The fairy-like twin sisters, Tess and Trixy, seem real. And black-browed Michael Thwaites, with the stubbornness in his nature of a far-off strain of Indian ancestry, is alive and convincing as boy or man. In this early part of the story the balance of interest is evenly held, the composition of the picture true and clear. It is later, when these children have grown to manhood and womanhood, that the author loses her grip on the even proportioning which has apparently come so easy up to this point.

Into the lives of maturing men and women there would naturally come a wider horizon, an increasing participa-

*Michael Thwaites's Wife. By Miriam Michaelson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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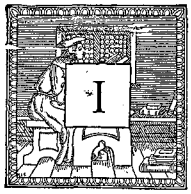
tion in the work, the pleasure, the cares, and the sin of that great world that lay outside the narrow boundaries hemming in a happy childhood. And Miss Michaelson brings her characters into close touch with the most important questions of life in New York City to-day, the fight for a cleaner municipal house-keeping, for a government by the people of the city for the people of the city. Most readers of to-day who are *alive* will be as interested in these questions as in the more intimate fate of Michael Thwaites, celebrated surgeon and budding reform politician, his pretty girl-wife Trixy, "the twin without a soul"; and her sister Tess, who has soul for two. But right here Miss Michaelson proves the truth asserted not so long ago by an eminent critic in the BOOKMAN, the contention that the even proportioning of central story and background is one of the most difficult things to achieve in fiction. Miss Michaelson has a big background of a city's struggle which she understands and handles well and sympathetically. She has also a story of growing interest in the conflict of personalities, which she handles with power. But she has made several bad faults in the composition of the picture. Instead of filling in the natural blanks in the story with the necessary digressions into city politics, she has broken into the most intense moments of the personal intimate conflict—the moments when it would seem that Tess Thorley's involuntary assumption of her sister's personality to save the latter's good name was in imminent danger of discovery—to give us long pages of description of municipal conditions. This is very irritating to the reader. Also Trixy Thwaites's return is a very bad fault of construction. It is inartistic and quite unnecessary to the story.

In a word, if the last third of this novel were rewritten, drawn together with a tenser construction, composed with a better balance of background and central figures, it would easily be pronounced one of the best books of the summer. That its faults irritate is a sign how good it is in spite of them.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

ECONOMY OF MEANS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*



IT was the present writer's misfortune, the other day, to glance over a recently published text-book on the art of writing fiction. The word "misfortune" is used advisedly, for it was saddening to think not merely that so bad a book had succeeded in getting itself written and published, but that it would inevitably be taken quite seriously by scores of would-be authors, who by a faithful observance of its precepts will be in a position to commit every separate literary crime and blunder that disfigures the average mediocre, machine-made magazine story. And the reading of this book was not only saddening, but it brought up once again quite squarely the vexed question, whether any text-book on the art of writing novels really serves the cause of letters,—whether, in short, any instruction in the technique of fiction ever helps the class of writers who are really worth helping. The trouble with all text-book instruction is that it necessarily formulates definite rules out of the free, unhampered, instinctive practice of

*The Top-liners. By Andre Castaigne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Title Market. By Emily Post. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Anthony Cuthbert. By Richard Bagot. New York: Brentanos.

The Cuckoo's Nest. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Patience of John Morland. By Mary Dillon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Infamous John Friend. By Mrs. R. S. Garnett. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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recognized masters of the art. Its whole attitude is that of extreme conservatism: stories have been written in such-and-such a way in the past, therefore, that is the way in which they must continue to be written—when, as a matter of fact, every really great novelist has achieved greatness, not by following the already established formulas but by daring to invent new ones; not by telling a story in the manner of Fielding or Scott or Dickens, but by telling it in his own manner, and thereby giving it the hallmark of genuine creation. But the writer who happily possesses the creative gift rarely stands in need of academic advice in technique; and the practical result of all such instruction is a regrettable increase in the survival of the unfit.

Not that the rules of technique as practised by the best writers in the past are unworthy of careful study. On the contrary they should form the basis of every novelist's education in his art,—but they should be studied in close connection with the books themselves, and not in the form of an algebraic formula, a convenient thumb-rule to be applied with the unvarying monotony of the square of the hypothenuse. The reason why Thackeray or Maupassant or Rudyard Kipling writes any particular paragraph in precisely such-and-such a way can never be understood or explained apart from the context—any more than a Madonna of Raphael, a ceiling fresco of Michelangelo, can be understood apart from the particular alcove or panel for which it was conceived. To reduce the genius of art to cut-and-dried rules is comparatively an easy task; it requires only that courage of ignorance with which a child proceeds to dissect the wheels of a watch. It is when you attempt to reverse the practice and build up a story of your own from the same cut-and-dried rules that you find, like the works of the watch, they refuse to fit together. Some subtle little detail, some unobserved purpose, like a missing nut or rivet, makes all the difference between the paragraph which was a perfect bit of art and the paragraph fit only for the literary scrap-heap.

Take, for example, the familiar and much-abused phrase, Economy of Means, which every text-book lays down as one of the fundamental axioms of fiction-making. It means, of course, that in telling your story you must use no more raw material, in the shape of characters, incidents, and description, than is actually required to produce the impression that you are desirous of producing; that if you can get your effect with one man and two women, it is as bad workmanship to have two men and three women as for a tailor to use seven yards of cloth when he needed only five. The trouble with this definition is that, while it sounds quite simple, it really advances us no farther than we were before. Economy of Means is the use of the smallest amount of material that will convey the effect that the author is striving for—but the only person in the world who knows precisely what that desired impression is, is the author himself—and every time that you or I criticise a story as being uneconomic in too lavish a use of people or events or scenes, it is quite likely that we are simply revealing our own obtusenesss, our failure to feel the impression for which the author had carefully striven. A case in point is a certain short story, recently submitted for a critical opinion. It seemed an admirable and delicate bit of art, excepting for a few paragraphs near the middle, during which nothing in particular was happening and which gave an indescribable effect of dragging minutes, the tediousness of time that will not pass. When this criticism was expressed to the author, he answered frankly, "You do not know how glad you have made me! The hero is supposed during those dragging hours to undergo a momentous transformation; and the one thing that I laboured to drive home to the reader is that very sense of endless monotony to which you take exception." Of course, in this case, as in countless others, the author was right and the critic was wrong. Economy of Means says that you must not allow characters having no structural importance break into the story and delay the action. But supposing that you answer. "This effect of interruption, the sort of interruption always occurring in life, is precisely what I was striving for; I want to show

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its psychological effect upon one of my characters," the critic, if wise, will allow you to have the last word. Or, to take another frequent case; supposing that the critic objects to a certain redundancy of language a needless repetition of descriptions, amounting at times to the recurrence, almost word for word, of entire paragraphs, at intervals throughout the book. But if you are ready to reply, "This redundancy to which you object is every bit of it intentional, a carefully studied attempt to achieve effects analogous to those of the Wagnerian leitmotiv," you show at once that you have been strictly practising, and not violating the principle of Economy of Means.

On the other hand, a good deal of poor work is being produced, not through neglect of this principle of Economy of Means, but through an unintelligent application of it. An author is, of course, at liberty to choose the amount of detail that he shall put into his fiction; he is free to get his effects either with a few strong, swift, impressionistic lines, or with a patient accumulation of minute and delicate touches. But, having chosen his method, he is bound to adhere to it consistently; he is not at liberty to use the bold, impressionistic method in one corner of his canvas, and the minute and photographic fidelity to detail in the other. Yet this is precisely the error which not infrequently mars what would otherwise be excellent work in fiction. There will be an initial scene giving with praiseworthy accuracy and vividness an intimate picture of a living-room, the shifting panorama of a busy street, the inmost workings of a human soul. But, having once done this, the author seems to think that he has done enough, that the impression once made is a permanent one, that henceforward the mere mention by name of that room or street or person will be enough to recall to you all that has at the start been said of them. On the contrary, one gets no such impression; good art demands a certain amount of reiteration; and if a writer begins with a wealth of detail, whether of the outward and passing show or the inner mental workings of his character, he has not the right arbitrarily to change his method.

As a rule, when artists attempt, by way of a change, to paint a picture in words instead of pigments, whatever other blunders they may commit, they at least manage this matter of consistency in detail in quite a praiseworthy way. Take, for example, Andre Castaigne's recently published volume, *The Top-liners*. There are, no doubt, some points of view from which to criticise this book unfavourably. One might be justified in complaining that the characters and their environment are uniformly and depressingly sordid; that the plot is loosely constructed and rambling; and that taken as a whole it contains no central theme of any really vital importance—all of which merely amounts to a statement that it is not one of the permanently great novels. But, as a picture of a certain phase of life, a phase that has its legitimate place in fiction, *The Top-liners* is a story deserving cordial recognition for its uncommon power to make us actually see the scenes that it presents. In substance, it is the life chronicle of a professional bicyclist, a girl who, almost before she could walk, began her training in trick riding, travelling with circuses, moving from town to town, country to country, from Sidney to Calcutta, from India to Cape Colony, always with the ultimate goal before her of an engagement at a London music hall. Of course, the atmosphere of such a story is necessarily sordid, unsavoury, more or less brutal, one of the praisworthy things about this book, in which there are many things deserving praise, is the impression it gives of coarse, vulgar companionship, of air heavy with stale smoke and foul language—the most unfortunate sort of environment in which to bring up a young and attractive girl. Furthermore, one gets a very direct and not easily forgotten impression of the merciless method applied in the training of young acrobats, the long hours, the aching limbs, the curses and blows that reward a mistake. There is no escaping the conviction that a good deal of first hand knowledge has gone into Mr. Castaigne's book, and while here and there one feels that it is over-coloured, as may well happen in a burst of artistic enthusiasm,

"The Top-liners"

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yet in the main it all rings quite true—the life of the vaudeville artist is all there with its hardships, its aspirations, its jealousies, and now and again its brief season of triumph.

"The Title Market"

The Title Market, by Emily Post, is a story about which it is easy to say a number of pleasant and indulgent things. It is distinctly readable; it shows, in a way that holds the interest, certain aspects of international marriages which, if not actually new, afford, at least, some unfamiliar variation of a familiar theme; it takes us to Italy, and gives us numerous pleasant pictures of the sunshine and laughter and the glamour of Rome; and it has, besides, an ingenious plot in which an unscrupulous nobleman intrigues to gain the hand of an American heiress, and incidentally breaks the laws of Italy by smuggling out of the country a priceless Madonna of Raphael to the end that an enemy who stands between him and the girl he wants may be charged with the crime and imprisoned. So much may be said in the book's favour; but, on the other hand, it offers a good example of false economy of means. The American heiress, for instance, prior to sailing for Europe, spends some hours in selecting a vast array of dresses and wraps, shoes and hats and gloves, silver-backed brushes, costly manicure sets, rings and bracelets and necklaces, all imaginable costly accessories of feminine luxury. The reader gets a most detailed and minute impression of the atmosphere of extravagance in which this girl lives and breathes; yet, after that initial description, we hear practically nothing more of all this gorgeousness; we are told very little from this time onward of what she wears, what impression her expensive tastes make upon the people she meets; in short, we sometimes wonder whether by some accident most of her trunks could have been lost overboard on the outward voyage. This may seem to be a small matter on which to base a lengthy criticism, but when one once has one's attention called to this shortcoming in the book, one becomes acutely conscious of it throughout the story, not only in regard to the heroine and her expensive tastes, but in many other connections besides. The author seems desirous of saving time, economising space; he eliminates description and detail over and over at times when detail and description would add substantially to the story's strength and interest. Nevertheless, *The Title Market* is one of the books of the current month that can be recommended with the pleasant assurance that people will come back to you afterward and tell you how much they liked it.

"Anthony Cuthbert"

Anthony Cuthbert, by Richard Bagot, is another story the action of which passes partly in Italy. In spite of a few strong episodes, this book is distinctly below the usual level of Mr. Bagot's work, and in theme is needlessly and painfully offensive. The simplest and most direct way to explain the central idea of the story is this: Imagine an episode analogous to that of *Three Weeks,* the scene Florence; the woman wife of an Italian prince, the man a young English army officer on temporary leave of absence. Now, it happens, through a chain of coincidences, which an even greater skill than Mr. Bagot possesses could not clothe with a semblance of likelihood, that the Italian princess is the woman who for years has been hopelessly loved by the young officer's uncle; that within a few weeks of the officer's recall to his regiment the husband of the princess dies, the officer's uncle straightway goes to Italy, proposes in hot haste and is promptly accepted and married. And all this happens without any of those concerned having the slightest suspicion of the grim dilemma in which they are being involved. The young officer has no idea that his princess is the woman his uncle loves; the uncle, of course, knows nothing whatever of his nephew's Florentine experience, and the princess is equally innocent of any knowledge of the relationship between the two men. It is only when the three meet a few months later at the uncle's home that the horror of the situation begins to dawn upon the two most vitally concerned. The resulting situations are handled with

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considerable strength and dignity; otherwise the book would not merit even a passing comment. Nevertheless, the whole situation is so purposeless and so artificial that it is hard to find any valid excuse for the book's existence.

"The Cuckoo's Nest"

The Cuckoo's Nest, by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi, comes as a pleasant contrast to the foregoing volume like a breath of clean, wholesome air after an escape from unsanitary surroundings. One may, perhaps, complain that the author did not quite know what she was trying to do, or that at least she was trying to do too many different things all at once, and that they are constantly jostling each other in a sort of rivalry to see which shall get itself done first. But, after all, there is no law making it obligatory upon an author to have a perfectly constructed and symmetrical plot; and she is quite within her rights if she chooses to write in a somewhat loose knit desultory way, taking more interest, and putting more work in clever character drawing and the sparkle of lively and exceedingly natural conversation than in the working out of a central theme. In fact, after having read the little volume with a very genuine pleasure, one is somewhat at a loss how to put the substance of it into a concise and definite paragraph. The action takes place mainly in France, largely in Paris. There are an American couple travelling abroad and temporarily joined by a young girl, also an American, who is trying the experiment of a year's absence from home in order to decide whether or not she really loves the estimable middle-aged gentleman to whom she has partially engaged herself. It happens that the husband and wife, although fairly well contented with their lot, have each of them in younger days had a still unforgotten romance; and during this trip abroad these youthful romances come to life again, because the wife meets her former lover in the person of the young girl's middle-aged suitor, while the husband rediscovers the ideal of his youth who is now married, and quite happily so, to a Frenchman. All these criss-cross threads are rather confusing, and at times become as badly tangled as a game of cat's cradle that has gone wrong. And, up to the last, one has no clear idea just where the author meant to place her centre of interest. But this does not alter the fact that she has here and there done some surprisingly good bits of work in portraying character and especially in showing those little rifts in mutual understanding and affection that are the outcome of inevitable racial differences, and that, little as they appear to be on the surface, refuse at times to be bridged over. For example, here is one of the episodes in the book that serves admirably as an example of the author at her best. The American wife, in spite of her deep and true love for her French husband, is unable at a crucial moment to read him aright. He has quarreled with another Frenchman who in public has refused to shake hands with him, asserting loudly that he is not a gentleman. The wife begs to know the reason for this insult and quarrel and when her husband persistently refuses to tell her, she assumes that there is another woman through whom her husband has somehow disgraced himself. Finally, seeing how seriously his wife has taken the episode the Frenchman makes up his mind to tell her the truth, although to do so means to strip himself bare, to expose a secret that cuts to the very quick of his pride. He tells her that his mother was partly of Jewish descent, that that is the one strain of alien blood in an otherwise perfectly pure race; that the man with whom he had quarreled was one of the very few who knew this secret and being a rabid anti-semite had for that reason refused to shake hands with him. All this he tells his wife, feeling that in doing so he is giving her the ultimate proof of his love and confidence, and fully expecting that she will meet his confession with tenderness and sympathy. But, instead, she laughs in his face, scornfully, incredulously. He must think up some better story than that, she tells him, something plausible, something with a grain of common sense in it; she simply cannot understand the husband's point of view, cannot grasp the fact that a man could really care of what particu-

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lar race one of his great great grandmothers might happen to have been, or that any other man could, by any chance, let such a trifle decide whom he should or should not shake by the hand. There is only one thing the husband could do to convince her that he has told the truth, and this one thing he does the same night and she finds him the next morning with the empty revolver beside him.

"The Patience of John Morland"

The Patience of John Morland, by Mary Dillon, is an historical romance of America half a century ago, in which James Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson figure intimately, not to mention Calhoun, Clay and Webster, John Randolph of Roanoke, and a host of other men prominent in Washington life at that period. In her brief foreword, the author makes a plea in justification of the liberties that she has taken with recorded history, on the ground that it is an established privilege of all writers of fiction "for which," she says in conclusion, "I have great authority, and illustrious examples in *The Three Musketeers, Lady Rose's Daughter, The Marriage of William Ashe* and a long line of equally glorious historical tales." To any one gifted with even a rudimentary sense of proportion this grotesque juxtaposition of Dumas and Mrs. Humphry Ward must seem as ludicrous as it is unfortunate; and one opens the book with a feeling that a writer who cannot discriminate between the robust and perennial grip upon our hearts exerted by the big, jovial, inexhaustible Frenchman and the mere intellectual and laborious cleverness of the English woman, can scarcely be expected to produce a book of any particular value. As a matter of fact *The Patience of John Morland* rather pleasantly, belies expectation. It is certainly readable enough, at least for those who still care for this much-abused type of historical romance, and the central figure of the book whom the author has chosen to present under the name of Kitty McCabe is certainly very much alive and very charming and very feminine in her perversity and her contradictions. It is easy to see that the author has taken Mrs. Humphry Ward far more seriously than that lady deserves, and has allowed herself to be very much influenced by her. Of course, the best thing that an author can do is to be simply and frankly himself, and not identify himself with the followers of any school; but if one must come under the influence of some earlier writer, then, by all means let us advise him to adhere to a course of even the lesser known and less important of the Dumas novels rather than to the writings of the author of *Marriage à la Mode.*

"The Infamous John Friend"

An historical novel of quite different calibre is *The Infamous John Friend,* by Mrs. R. S. Garnett. It is the story of a proposed invasion of England by Napoleon—an invasion arranged for and planned by John Friend, an Englishman of great charm of manner and utter absence of conscience. The book has so many fine qualities that it seems almost a pity to be under the necessity of dismissing it here with the present brief and inefficient note. As an historic picture it is not merely conscientious and painstaking, but vivid and full of the stir of life. As the study of the awakening of a timid, gentle, pious woman to a knowledge of the shameless dishonesty and treachery of the husband whose business affairs have always been a dark and haunting mystery, the book shows unusual analytical powers; as a tragedy of a man who, after defying fate for years meets with the inevitable discovery, conviction and sentence that he merits it shows that fine sense of the narrow boundary line which separates the truly dramatic from the melodrama. As against these qualities, it offers to a general glance only one single blemish, an episode between subordinate characters of quite irrelevant and needless offensiveness, involving certain intimate details of an unfortunate marriage, expressed with a frankness that is beyond excuse when one considers that the whole incident is without structural importance to the main story.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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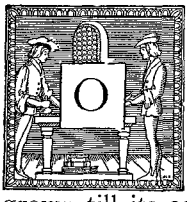
"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK III—One Night

I



RANGE COURT was filled to its utmost capacity on the Friday of Lady Gertrude's diplomatic dance. For after the manner of such entertainments it had grown till its organiser had declared inexorably her list was full. Some most unexpected additions had accrued to the party meanwhile. Not the least unexpected being the Dowager Lady Enniscorthy herself.

A letter from Lady Florence to her sister had arrived by first post two days before the event. It ran thus:

Jane tells us, dearest Gertrude, that you are giving a ball. Dear mamma is a little hurt that she should not have been informed of the matter. She begs me to tell you that, though she knows she is too old to receive an invitation, you need not have kept the event *secret* from her. We suppose the festivity is to *fêter* dear Reginald's return home, Norah not having yet been presented; and now, of course, we understand why you were so anxious that Coralie and my Ernest should go to you! Do you think it is quite worthy of you, my dearest Gertrude, or quite *kind* to make this mystery? For me, you know how completely untouched all these worldly things leave me since my great sorrow; but when I see dear mamma's pained countenance I cannot help feeling sad. We may not have her so long with us.

Lady Gertrude's eyebrows went up in rueful amusement as she perused this document. It had certainly never occurred to her to inform the Dowager of the impromptu dance, which was to be confined to the youth of her acquaintance, and was not intended to count otherwise than as the most informal boy and girl affair, since Norah was still in the schoolroom. Now it seemed the news of her "ball"—Lady Gertrude Esdale's ball for her *débutante* daughter—was bruited far and wide. There was nothing for that but to allow facts to speak for themselves. Far otherwise important was the misunderstanding with Lady Enniscorthy.

"Dear mamma is a little hurt. . . ." Gertrude never quite believed her sister's pathetic statements. Nevertheless, the possibility of this one being, for once, correct, was not to be endured. To sue for the Dowager's company with all the affectionate importunity possible was the most urgent of all the many preoccupations which now pressed upon her, and Gertrude could conceive no better emissary but the favourite grandchild herself.

Accordingly, Norah was dispatched to Park Lane in the motor, duly chaperoned by Coralie and Ernest; and Lady Gertrude, in the midst of all her preparations, undertook the heroic task of entertaining her visitor for the afternoon.

Sir Reginald had found the War Office convenient again and taken an early train for town.

Norah departed in high feather; Emerald Fanny's plaintive looks over their separation passed apparently unnoticed. Indeed, Mrs. Lancelot's influence over her young friend had entered upon a fitful stage; now, to Coralie's disgust, seeming more complete than ever; now as if it had never existed.

Whether, owing to Lady Gertrude's tactfulness in avoiding any semblance of apology in the letter which Norah conveyed to her grandmother; whether because the latter's breezy and unexpected entrance, and heart-whole endorsement of the invitation it contained, sufficed to sweep away her "hurt feelings," the embassy proved a complete success. Lady Enniscorthy acceded in high good humour to her granddaughter's entreaty.

"It's my very own little dance, granny

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darling! Just my Windsor friends, and Enn, and a few boys—and not any horrid dowagers—but I want you."

Lady Florence's lips had already parted over the rebuke that was to point the extraordinary awkwardness of her niece's manner of expressing herself, when the old lady forstalled her.

"Quite right, my love—dowagers are a great mistake, eh, Florence? Yes, I'll come, I'll come."

"Dear mamma—the fatigue—the journey—the late hours——"

Florence turned a flustered countenance upon her mother.

"Fatigue? Nonsense! Why should it fatigue me? Gertrude will give me a comfortable room, and look after me. And as for the journey"—her bright eye took its malicious twinkle as she fixed the anxious guardian—"I won't trouble you to exhaust yourself by accompanying me."

"No, indeed," confirmed Norah, with unflattering haste. "You needn't come a bit, Aunt Florence. We'll look after granny."

"I reckon," put in Coralie, who, up to this, had sat demurely in unwonted silence, "Aunt G. quite understood from your letter, momma, that you could not put such a strain on your feelings as to join our giddy revels."

The Dowager had been in a good humour before; but the sight of Lady Florence's discomfiture increased her cheerfulness to positive hilarity.

"I couldn't dream of letting dear mamma—" the poor lady was beginning, when, friskly, she was interrupted.

"I shall go alone to stay with Gertrude," the Dowager cried, with the decisiveness which none dared oppose. Her fine old face was wrinkled into delighted smiles—something of the child's joy in escaping from its nurse's control was pathetically apparent in her demeanour.

Lady Florence folded her lips in that vindictive line which betrayed the feelings of anger rarely allowed to find vent in words. She gave a deep sigh, of utmost foreboding, followed by a fervent aspiration:

"Pray Heaven we may not all regret this!"

Still with the gay twinkle in her eyes, Lady Enniscorthy pursued, as if she had not heard the ominous prayer:

"Tell me, is the creature—the widow with the absurd name—the General's—" she caught herself up hastily, with a glance at Norah's flushing face, and amended her phrase suavely—"the lady who nursed your father so well in India—is she still staying with you, my love?"

"Yes, I am glad to say," cried the girl defiantly, resenting in her loyalty the something offensive yet mysterious to her in the Dowager's expression and voice.

"Humph!" said Lady Enniscorthy.

She met Coralie's elaborately innocent gaze, and there was a mute interchange of sentiments.

"If I were you, grandma," said the American then, "I'd send for that tiara from the bank. You'll want it."

A purple tide rushed to Lady Florence's already flushed cheeks.

"Coralie!" she fulminated. "Pray forgive her, dear mamma."

She broke off abruptly: Lady Enniscorthy was chuckling. Really, they were all taking a very terrible risk. Of course, she would not breathe it to a soul, but once or twice it had struck her already, never more forcibly than to-day: dear mamma was getting a little childish.

"The General," said Coralie, "is at the War Office. He was there yesterday, too. And Aunt G. and Mrs. Lancelot are all by themselves. She's only staying on for the dance. I'm afraid she's beginning to find us a little dull at Orange Court."

"Florence," said Lady Enniscorthy, "you'd better go and fetch the tiara from Coutts's to-morrow morning—I'm glad I shall see her," she added, turning again to Coralie with the childlike air of interest and amusement that sat so oddly on her majestic age.

"See who?" cried Norah, ungrammatically and a little rudely.

"The creature with the precious name, my pet," said the Dowager in a guileless tone that contrasted with the mischief in her glance. "The lady who, as I said, nursed your father so well."

Then she unexpectedly sent for her lace box, and extracted from it a filmy scarf, which, with some ceremony, she

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gave to her granddaughter to wear on Friday. She disapproved of jewels for girls, she said, but this lace, her own mother's, was worth many trinkets. To this gift she added an old painted fan, and tenderness grew in her eyes at the sight of the child's rapture. Lady Florence was past speech; but when she saw Coralie actually receive a hearty farewell kiss instead of the usual grudging cheek, she became more gloomily convinced than ever that her mother's brilliant intellect at last showed signs of breaking down.

When the deputation returned to Orange Court, Norah's first proceeding was to seek her friend to display her new treasures.

She found her alone in her room, a prey to plaintiveness, not to say profound melancholy; and for the first time Emerald Fanny's woes rather bored her champion.

The "Very sweet, my love . . . a sweet little fan indeed . . . quite a dear scarf!" was not what she expected from one who had hitherto been almost too ready to sympathise in all her joys and sorrows. The lachrymose voice in which the encomium was uttered, and the misty, resigned look that accompanied it, were uncomfortably dashing to the girl's mood.

"What's the matter?" she cried impatiently. "Hasn't mamma been nice to you?"

"Oh, Lady Gertrude has been very kind," the sufferer assured her. "I did what I could to help her," this with a weary sigh; "then my head ached, and I asked her if she would mind my retiring—to be alone, to rest a little—and I've been thinking of old times somehow—" Here the swimming eyes overflowed.

Norah caught up her fan again, and cast the exquisite cloud of lace across her arm. She stood, embarrassedly looking at the window. A shaft of evening sunshine was slanting across the pathetic face raised toward her, as Emerald Fanny sat in the armchair by her open window.

Norah could not help seeing in this revealing light how the powder stood out on the mourner's little nose. For once the pathos rang false. Instead of grief that her friend should have cause to weep, she found in herself a wonder how it was that tears should not wash furrows for themselves down those whitened cheeks. It was also unwillingly borne in upon her that when Emerald Fanny was gay she wore a delicate sea-shell pink upon her countenance; and when she was the inconsolable widow, an unrelieved pallor. Did she put on the white stuff before she began to cry? If she did, it was not at all nice! Norah felt such thoughts to be disloyal; but they were not to be chased. The dinner-gong gave her a welcome pretext for hurried departure. She ran out of the room with a "ta-ta," horribly inappropriate to the sorrow-laden glance that followed her. But for the life of her she could not kiss the blanched cheek.

After some reflection, Mrs. Lancelot decided that her headache was too severe to allow her to join the party at dinner; and she sent a pathetic message by the housemaid begging that nobody might come to her, as she felt quite too ill for conversation.

"And what will you have for dinner, mem?" asked Jane, surveying her with a stolidly unsympathetic eye. (In spite of all her sweetness Emerald Fanny had not ingratiated herself with the domestics of Orange Court.)

"Oh, the least possible! Anything—anything that dear Lady Gertrude likes to send up," murmured the widow.

Gertrude smiled when the message was delivered to her; and although Jane was anxious to impress the fact that "She did say, the least possibly, my lady," her mistress considered the "anything dear Lady Gertrude likes to send up" the more important part of her guest's request. The invalid, therefore, partook of an excellent repast, helped down by a half-pint of champagne; after which she felt sufficiently restored—secure from visitors that night—to smoke a surreptitious cigarette out of the window.

Sir Reginald had an old-fashioned prejudice against ladies smoking; it was a long time since she had permitted herself such a luxury.

The next day Lady Enniscorthy duly arrived, escorted by her devoted daugh-

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ter, who, with a kind of funeral pomp, handed her over to the guardianship of Lady Gertrude.

"But really, Flo," said the latter, out of her kind heart, "I can put you up if you think better of it and don't mind the dressing-room next mamma."

But the sight of her mother's repressive frown convinced Florence that she had better prefer the gloomy triumph of consistency; she shook her head.

"No, Gertrude, no, I will not impose my black upon your gaiety. Only remember, please, that dear mamma must have her brandy-and-water when she feels the least tired; and I hope you won't let her stay up after eleven o'clock. And there ought to be a little chicken broth with a rusk beside her bed, in case she should wake up in the night. And Sir James does not really like her to have anything but a fillet of sole and the wing of a small bird for dinner. And, by the way, I've written Sir James's telephone number on this card."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Lady Enniscorthy and snapped the card out of the devoted one's hand, to tear it viciously in two. "You'll miss your train, Florence."

She drew a long breath when the door closed on the black draperies. (Forestalling events, it may be here narrated that, after an excellent and varied dinner, and two suppers of *foie-gras* and lobster salad and several glasses of Moët, she did not go to bed till past two o'clock, after which she slept like a top, and the next morning declared she felt ten years younger.)

The only shadow upon the old lady's good humour was when she discovered Jane's presence at the Court. "I thought," she said, turning on Norah, who had followed her to her room, "that you were not going to have any horrid dowagers . . . except me."

"Oh, but poor Aunt Jane is not a dowager," cried the girl.

"Perhaps not," said Lady Enniscorthy, struck by the justice of the remark. "She'll never be anything but poor Jane to the end of the chapter."

"As for you, granny," proceeded Norah, "you will just be the queen of us all."

The grandmother smiled, well pleased.

CHAPTER II

Poor Jane was absent on a solitary walk to Windsor at the moment of her mother's arrival. Challoner had proved inexorable on the subject of the family jewels, and Jane hankered for something that sparkled. She returned in triumph, clutching a pasteboard box which contained a wreath of spangled leaves.

Coralie sent her Jeannette *coiffer la pauvre milady;* and after introducing wonders of abnormal frizziness into the scant and lank locks, she was about to suggest "an end of lace" for "the little place on the top," where milady's "*chevelure* left to be desired," when Jane, with a modest smile of triumph, drew her purchase from its receptacle.

"Milady is not going to put that on!" cried the French maid in dismay.

"*Très jolly,*" explained Jane, amiably.

The soubrette fled in despair to her mistress. But when Coralie entered the room, brandishing a lappet of old point with determined air, her aunt had already donned the wreath, and turned a countenance so pathetically radiant, so certain of commendation, that the American had not the heart to dash such confidence.

"From a little distance," cried Lady Jane, "it looks just like diamonds, doesn't it. I found it in the High Street. Only 5s. 11½d. I don't mind about the pearls now."

"It's wonderful," said Coralie.

Over the striped flannelette dressing-gown Jane's long, silly face, crowned with abnormal frizzes and battlemented array of spangled leaves, was indeed a wonderful spectacle.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear, I wish she had let her poor old head alone," lamented Coralie inwardly. But she could not utter a word of disapproval.

"Sit down again, Aunt J., and let me put in a hairpin here and there. It's lovely, but just a tiny bit spikey."

It was destined to be a great night for Jane. Before her niece had completed her task there came a stumping footfall along the passage, which footstep halted outside her door and was succeeded by a peculiar dry tap on its panels.

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Jane's cheek, scarlet with pleasure, went white.

"It's Caractacus," she murmured. "I mean Challoner! Dear me, dear me, what can he want?"

Coralie was as amazed as the wife of his bosom herself to behold Lord Challoner in person enter upon the knock. He diffused, as usual, a strong smell of yellow soap and was meticulously attired in evening garb; a white *piqué* tie of remarkably resisting texture, starched and snowy, was tied in a huge bow under his upstanding collar.

"They told me I'd find you here," he remarked briskly into space. "Evening, evening, my dear!" He nodded urbanely to Coralie. Then he stood staring at his wife, one hand tucked behind his back.

"'Pon my soul, Jane," he cried in genuine admiration, "you look fine! Mighty fine!"

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," Coralie afterward related. "He *reelly* and truly meant it!"

Then, his face wrinkling more and more into smiles, Lord Challoner drew his left hand from its concealment and displayed a brown paper parcel, neatly corded and sealed.

"I've brought you something. I've brought you something. I took the 'bus to the bank this morning—cost me something, I can tell you—'bus there, 'bus back—ticket to Windsor, too. But I made it balance, ha! there is your keep these three days to stand against it . . . and my dinner and supper to-night—they'll have me to dinner, I suppose? What's that, young lady? Scissors? No such thing. Never cut a string. You'll end in the workhouse. I never cut a string in my life, young lady."

His knobby yellow fingers were laboriously picking at the scientific knots of the bank clerk.

"Oh, Challoner," cried Jane, for once remembering the right name. "Is it—are they the pearls?" Her eyes grew pink in a rush of gratitude.

"I hardly know what you want them for with that grand thing on your head," he said grudgingly.

"Five and elevenpence ha'penny, in the High Street, Windsor," interposed Coralie emphatically.

"Tut, tut!" retorted his lordship. "Why, that's nearly six shillings! Now mind," he turned sharply on his spouse, who stood before him, trembling between ecstatic eagerness and her habitual awe of him, "you'll have to give them back to me before I go, and I'll not stay later than twelve, Jane! And remember, I'll have my eye on you! These pearls," he said solemnly—the springs of the antique box that held the jewels were worn to uselessness and the lid opened by itself under his touch—"these pearls are worth—" He broke off, with a suspicious glance at Coralie's absorbed face; the little American was gazing wide-eyed at the milky treasure.

"Ginger!" she cried. "Why, Jane—how splendacious you will be!"

"I'll have my eye on you all the evening," repeated Lord Challoner, menacingly.

Lady Enniscorthy clothed herself for the occasion in the silver-grey satin which she had worn at the last Drawing-room held by Queen Victoria. Then she had thought it her "duty," as she said, to "rally round her sovereign." She had not been to Court since. She was too old (she declared) for new-fangled ways. She had no doubt it was all very charming; but she was herself of the old order—the order which passeth away—and was content that it should be so. Except that she wore nothing about the fine grey head but a cloud of lace, she had made herself as magnificent as on the occasion when she had paid her final respects to royalty. And she was well pleased at the acclamations which greeted her appearance.

"Granny, you are a perfect dream!" cried Norah, dancing round her. "Only why, why did not you wear your tiara? Atkinson told me you had brought it."

The Dowager flung a quizzical look at Lady Gertrude.

"Did you never hear," she said then, in the transparent explanatory tone generally adopted toward children, "that it is safer to travel with your jewels, rather than leave them behind?"

She broke off to stare—to raise her eyeglass and stare again—as Jane, blushfully conscious of her own beautiful ap-

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pearance, sidled into the room, followed by an anxious-faced Coralie. "Jane—" ejaculated the mother. "Jane—! is this Jane?"

Lady Challoner arrested her fluttering advance; she clutched herself in a spasm of nervousness and shook herself until the pearls rattled on her collar bones, and Coralie was afraid that the pink dress would fall away from the poor thin shoulders with inevitable disaster. But she was not going to have Aunt Jane's fun spoilt for her if she could help it, and she dashed bravely to the rescue.

"Isn't she real fine, granma? That's one of her trousseau dresses—who would think it? Isn't it a lovely pink! I reckon you must have chosen that pink, granma. And do you see she's wearing her pearls? Do drop your arms, Aunt J., so that people can admire you!"

"Her pearls?" questioned Lady Enniscorthy, interest and curiosity diverting her from her first impulse of fulminating disapproval; the hawk glance sought, through the eyeglasses, a different object.

"Yes, Uncle Challoner brought them down himself."

"Wasn't it kind of him?" murmured Jane deprecatingly. Her timid hands, seeking the top of each elbow again, were arrested midway, as her niece tweaked her gown warningly from behind. But surprise had now swamped all other sensation in the maternal brain. Lady Enniscorthy even permitted the statement that dear Caractacus was always so thoughtful to pass unnoticed.

"Challoner!" she exclaimed.

"He's here," said Coralie.

And, rubbing his hands with a dry, crackling sound (he had just washed them in his nephew's dressing-room, though with high disapproval of the Vinolia soap), the elderly peer in question made his entrance into the room.

"Challoner . . .?" repeated Lady Enniscorthy, as if she could not credit her eyes.

"He's going to honour us by staying for the dance," said Lady Gertrude.

"Hullo, my lady—evening," said the newcomer, nodding to his redoubtable mother-in-law. "Wife invited, husband invited, I take it, eh? The General has promised to see that I get a lift back in somebody's car. Ha, ha! Ruinous nonsense, motor-cars; but I score there, eh, my lady? Didn't take a return ticket on the chance!" he chuckled, then wheeled upon the ecstatic Jane. "But I won't stay later than twelve. My lady there will have to give up her finery—hey? My lady looks well, don't she?"

The Dowager shifted her eyeglass to contemplate her daughter afresh; then fixed the proud husband once more. She was shaken with a dry laugh, and folded her lips upon some unspoken comment.

They had assembled in the library before dinner—the drawing-room being cleared for the dancers. Gertrude had kept to the family party, resisting the temptation to invite young Enniscorthy to join the meal. It was better, she thought, that the young things should meet each other again in more easy circumstances than the half-hour before dinner would be likely to afford them.

Now the General rushed in, with many apologies for late appearance.

"Kept at the War Office, I suppose?" said Lady Enniscorthy with a twinkle. Yet she looked at him benignly; the War Office had suddenly become a virtuous institution.

"You're not the last," said his wife. "Mrs. Lancelot has not yet made her appearance."

The Dowager, alert with amusement and curiosity, sat very straight in her chair, her glasses fixed upon the door. When the widow at length tripped in, it was under an observation so concentrated, relentless and minute, while she had to traverse the whole length of the room, that it might well have made her falter. But Emerald was not of those whom scrutiny embarrasses. She could not conceive herself creating an impression other than flattering; from the opposite sex overwhelming admiration was her due; from her own, if not approval, then the envy of the outshone.

Above all to-night she trod with the assurance of a goddess.

She had emerged completely from mourning, unless, with a touch peculiarly her own, the black ribbon, silver fringed, which she had tied above her right elbow, could be regarded as a lingering token of regret.

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Immediately upon her arrival in London, strong in her confidence in her *preux's* substantial attachment, she had ordered herself some new raiment from a firm in Hanover Square, well known for its "emotional creations." Among other things, Emerald Fanny had selected a garment entitled "passion's effervescence." The leading idea was pink, and thereupon passion effervesced with more sequins, frills and streamers than it were possible to describe, the emerald collar bringing a new and rich note into the blushing tenderness of scheme. Emerald Fanny had further boldly accentuated this note by a bird-of-paradise plume, of the same hopeful hue, which waved back from her classically dressed head with an ironic reminiscence of her picturesque widowhood and its gauzy streamers.

As she moved, she clinked and shimmered, rustled and glittered; and Lady Enniscorthy surveyed her without a muscle relaxing in her severe old face.

The General looked, gave one swift glance at his wife, and dropped his eyes. Gertrude, preparing for her new duties of chaperonage, was almost too severely simple in her garb that evening; but how grateful was the image of that noble, statuesque figure in its dove-grey draping, unrelieved save for a single slender diamond crescent at the breast—without an inch of trimming or even lace to mar the perfect flowing line, compared to this exuberance of fashionable adornment.

"Petite madame" halted on the edge of the waiting circle, and her hostess, with her usual friendly, yet distant urbanity, performed the necessary introduction. Coralie listening somewhat nervously for the General's interposition and the familiar reference "to the kind nurse, who saved my life," was grateful to hear the ceremony conducted without comment.

But not so the widow; her large eyes began to roam from host to hostess, with a kind of pained surprise; and, in the silence which followed Lady Enniscorthy's grave, "How do you do?" she herself dropped a melodious, insidiously plaintive sentence:

"I'm afraid you must be sick of my name, Lady Enniscorthy. These dear people attach such undue importance to the little I was able to do for Sir Reginald when he was so dreadfully ill in India."

The voice suddenly trembled; the pathetic glance became misted over; but, alas! *mon preux* (ungrateful wretch!) persistently gazed at his boots, and Lady Enniscorthy—a most unpleasant old lady—had, on the other hand, a blankness of regard that no sensitive eye could meet. And even Norah—base little thing! had no glance to spare from her own reflection in the glass. Only upon Ernest Jamieson's countenance was there a gleam of sympathy and compassion. Pshaw! was it possible that Emerald should be reduced to Ernest Jamieson?

"My dear," said the Dowager, clutching Coralie's arm, under pretence of needing its support, as she hoisted herself out of her chair upon the announcement of dinner, "my dear, even my poor, crazy Jane looks respectable beside that pantomime queen."

CHAPTER III

Before any of the dancers could possibly be expected, Norah began to watch the door for Enniscorthy. She thus had an unnecessary hour of palpitation and disappointment, which wrote itself in pallor and fretful line upon her face. When the guests began to arrive, and still the young man failed to appear, a furious tornado of misery took possession of the girl's undisciplined soul, all the more devastating, perhaps, that she had to put restraint upon herself and help her mother to receive, forcing a smile on lips that felt cold and stiff. As waltz-tune after waltz-tune swung out on the air, and the minutes of her golden evening slipped by unfulfilled, she could have screamed aloud with exasperation.

Lady Gertrude's countenance of unshadowed placidity, her father's genial mirth—Sir Reginald was able to be jocose again; he actually felt light-hearted enough to-night to pay marked attention to the pretty wife of a recently married Grenadier—even the beatific expression with which poor Jane watched the employment of the young generation, seemed to add to the unendurable burden. As for Emerald Fanny, never would

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Norah trust woman more! She had early disappeared into the conservatory with a spruce and exceedingly young soldier; and her laugh might be heard tinkling out ever and anon in the intervals of the music. She could laugh while a friend's heart was breaking—so little cared she! And there was a buzzing little group round Coralie! And Cousin Ernest had made her promise to give him the next waltz! Could any *débutante's* cup of misery be more full?

"My dear," said Gertrude in a low voice, "it is quite time for you to begin to dance.—My little Norah," she added, lower still, "people will wonder to see you with such a cross face."

Nearer to the subject of her daughter's disappointment she could not, in her own curious reserve, allow herself to come. But Norah, who little guessed how keenly the mother was suffering with her, thought this remark the acme of cruelty. She flung one glance of indignant reproach upon the speaker, and darted from her side. Not, however, to obey the maternal behest, but, taking the stairs two steps at a time, to rush to the refuge of her own room, where she could cry in peace.

Emerald Fanny, coming in from the conservatory to favour her completely subjugated youth with a waltz, caught sight of the flying white figure; but it is quite possible that friendship would not have impelled her to follow and console, had not Enniscorthy himself walked in at the hall door the moment after.

Then she felt indeed all the claims of devoted attachment; and, only pausing to promise her new adorer supper and an extra, glided upstairs after the fugitive.

"Who's there?" cried Norah, as the door opened after a perfunctory tap. "Oh, Emerald!" Tones of relief succeeded sharpness, as the dulcet, "It is I, darling," was breathed into the darkness.

The poor child's sore heart leaped to the little comfort; after all, some one did care! Yet she could not endure that even so close a friend should see the already tear-stained face.

"Don't—don't turn on the light," she cried with sobbing breath, and then mendaciously added: "I've got such a headache."

But Emerald Fanny disregarded the injunction. Light flooded the room under her decided finger; then she came up to the girl, who, outstretched on the bed, had pettishly hidden her face in the pillow, and gently forced her to raise it.

"You darling little goose . . . he's come!"

There was no pandering to maidenly pride in the widow's code; but she had, nevertheless, ideas of diplomacy. As the girl sat up, radiant again, brushing the moisture from her eyes, and evidently prepared to dash back to the ball-room, Mrs. Lancelot arrested her.

"Listen, my darling, and believe that I have your interests at heart. I think"—the widow's eyes suffused—"you know that I love you. I think I have proved it."

"Indeed you have!" cried the other, with a hug. She believed it, poor child. Almost it seemed, in the revulsion of her joy, that she owed it all to this bringer of the good news.

"Your young man is shamefully late," proceeded the counsellor, "and it would never do for you to show him how you've been watching and waiting for him."

Norah winced, and pressed her hands to her hot cheeks.

"It never does, my darling, to let men see how much you care for them," went on the voice, dropping into pathos. "We must make our young friend feel a little bit in disgrace. Let him wait for his dances; he'll be all the more eager for them. Since he was not here in time to secure them, show him that others are not so remiss . . . make him just a little . . . a little jealous, my sweet one. I know my Norah can turn anybody's head she likes with one glance of her wicked eyes. Come, you must be engaged three deep already? What! You were keeping all your dances for Enn! Oh, tut, tut, tut! my little darling, it is well you have a friend! Let me see now—we must remedy that. No, that won't do at all—I have it! If you wait in the hall, I will tell Sir Duncan Silver—did you see that nice boy I was dancing with? He will do anything for me—to introduce four or five of his brother officers

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to you at once. (He's in the Grenadiers, you know.) And about the second dance after supper it will be time enough to forgive his lordship. Now, where are you going?"

"Down to the ball-room, as you say," responded Norah, turning with a fiercely determined air upon her friend. The widow gave a little scream.

"My dear! Like that? And let everyone see you've been crying? Master Enn won't need to be told whom for! Not at all, you poor babe, you're just coming into my room—and when I've done with you . . . well, you'll see!"

Norah clung to Emerald's arm as they went along the passage together; and Emerald felt that she richly deserved the confidence and gratitude she was inspiring. Not only has she given up an hour of promising flirtation, but she was disinterestedly devoting herself to the bringing of two foolish young people together. Out of her own experience and wisdom she was advising her friend. The height of abnegation was reached when, as she sat the girl down before the mirror and began shaking a bottle of milky-looking liquid with experienced hand, she proceeded!

"You can flirt with Sir Duncan as much as ever you like—you will find him very responsive."

"What are you doing?" cried Norah, her interest more excited by Emerald's action than by her words.

"Going to make my Norah fit to be seen again," said the unselfish widow, and poured some of the liquid on to a little square of chamois leather.

When Emerald gave Norah permission to look at herself in the glass at last, the girl gave a gasp. To the girl's unsophisticated eye the result was amazing. She gazed and gazed again. Was this herself? Norah, schoolgirl Norah? This being of dazzling tints, rose and lily and gold—for her hair, over the pink and white face shone well-nigh as startlingly golden as Emerald's own. Norah had never realised that her eyebrows were so dark. The tears she had shed no doubt accounted for the shadows under her eyes, which threw these orbs into such brilliant relief. The lips, parted in astonishment, were scarlet as the geranium, and, culminating triumph to seventeen, she looked years older than the girl of half-an-hour ago.

Her friend surveyed her, in her artless surprise, with an air of mingled amusement and satisfaction.

"Ah, you never knew your own loveliness till now, my Norah!" she exclaimed. "The merest touch and you are . . . what you see. What a sensation you will make when you return to the ball-room! There's not a creature here," cried the magnanimous Emerald, "able to hold a candle to you. Oh, I shall be watching some one's face! But wait a minute!" She paused and doubtfully contemplated the simple straight, white dress, with its priceless scarf of lace for sole adornment. "It's beautifully made, of course," she went on, "but it wants—oh, something, to draw the eye a little. . . . Wait, I know!"

She plunged into the recesses of her cupboard and drew forth a large cardboard box.

"They were selling off at Woolland's as I passed through town, and I couldn't resist laying in a little stock—though my time for wearing these very bright colours has not yet struck. Look! Isn't this a dream?"

She held up a mass of flaming poppies with long dependent streamers of buds; in her turn, Norah's expression became one of doubt.

"Isn't it—isn't it rather too red?" she faltered.

For all answer Emerald held the flowers against the girl's breast, and Norah, consulting the mirror, gasped again. It was inexplicable, yet a fact. Against the blaze of scarlet, the rose and the white and the gold that she had just admired so wonderingly in herself, became yet more dazzling—yet more accentuated.

"I'll wear them!" she cried. A strange sense of exhilaration came over her. She gazed at her own reflection again and again; and every time it was as if she drank strong wine.

There was a really unselfish joy in the other's countenance as she watched. She had seldom carried through so altruistic an action. Had she not actually laboured

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to make another more beautiful than herself, and had she not accomplished her work with due artistic reticence? She did not perceive—and had she done so could not have been held responsible for the fact—that Norah's natural tints being so vivid, the first touch of paint upon her countenance had thrown the whole harmony of nature out of balance. The dark eyebrows and the glorious ruddy gold of the hair had been fittingly united with wild rose cheek; but with *Blanc de Ninon* and liquid rouge, however delicately applied, they held no kinship. Instantly Norah's locks had assumed a glitter as of dye; the whole young, soft face had taken on the something bold, hard, challenging; the toll which beauty pays to artifice.

Mrs. Lancelot was genuine in her admiration of her own handicraft, but hers was of the type of mind, and there are many such, who consider such results as an undeniable improvement.

"You're perfect!" she exclaimed in rapture; then gently pushed her friend on one side to perform a little dexterous manipulation on her own account, and declared that it was time for them to go down.

But the sight of the box of flowers tossed open on the table became the source of a fresh inspiration; one that could only have sprung in Emerald Fanny's brain.

"One moment, my darling!" she cried, nipped a bunch of deep blue cornflowers out of its tissue paper, and pinned it in among the poppies.

"Oh . . . do you like that?" exclaimed Norah doubtfully.

"Some one will," assured the widow, with her archness; linked her arm into that of her friend, and hurried her from the room.

It never dawned upon Gertrude Esdale's daughter that the final note to her attractiveness was to be struck that night by the flaunting of the Guard's colours.

CHAPTER IV

Sir Duncan fell in with Mrs. Lancelot's self-sacrificing project with an alacrity that she had perhaps scarcely anticipated. The young gentleman had already found his ideal at the Aldwych Theatre; Emerald had somewhat consoled him for an evening passed away from the company of his charmer (to oblige Enniscorthy—Enniscorthy was a chap whom he wished to oblige, though he did not often get the chance); but Norah—he wondered how it was that he hadn't noticed such a deuced pretty girl when he came in. Miss Esdale was a "ripper" and no mistake! In fact, before he had finished his first dance with the daughter of the house Sir Duncan had begun to ask himself whether Norah—already he had been informed that her name was Norah—was not just as good fun as his adored Esmé.

Enniscorthy was seated by the Dowager, gazing with grave eyes on the whirling couples. Lady Enniscorthy, her keen glance fixed on his face, had an indulgent smile for the vague answers he gave to all her searching questions. She guessed whom he was looking for with that earnest glance of his; and she was not displeased that her granddaughter should not seem too eager to greet the acknowledged *parti*, who had made his appearance so late. The child was probably sitting out somewhere or strolling on the terrace; and if the youth was growing anxious and jealous, it was no more than he deserved. He showed no disposition to dance with any one else, which was a sign of grace. So the quizzical eye she kept upon him was full of benevolence; and when she saw him start slightly, a deep colour welling to his cheek, and thereafter cast down his eyes, she chuckled to herself. She put up her eyeglass.

"We know pretty well who has come in," she thought.

But as she looked the pleasant smile became frozen on her lips. She clutched the tortoiseshell handle between her fingers convulsively and stared again, as if by staring she could alter the reality of what she beheld. Then, with one of her surprisingly youthful movements, she turned upon Lady Jane, who sat upon her other side, and rapped the thin arm nearest to her.

"Will you have the kindness to tell me is that my granddaughter Norah?"

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Jane, roused from her beatific contemplation of the dance, turned a startled countenance upon her mother. Her spangled tiara inclined toward her left eye, and those irrepressible sandy locks of hers were beginning to make their familiar way down her temples. But for her the evening so far had been an unalloyed success. She had herself twice "taken the floor," and she had more than her usual difficulty in bringing her mind, wandering in a kind of rapturous mist, to the point in question.

Her mother, with an impatient gesture, altered her demand.

"Tell Gertrude to come and speak to me instantly!"

Jane rose with her usual submissiveness, stood a second helplessly hugging herself, and was about to start upon her errand when, with much noise of laughter and talk and some unnecessary vigour of step, Norah and her partner waltzed up to them and halted. A natural carmine had added itself to the artificial roses of the girl's cheeks. She was panting, and her teeth gleamed between the exotic red of the lips. She flung a look of mingled triumph and coquetry at Enniscorthy, who rose slowly. And, fatuously surveying her, Sir Duncan thought again:

"By Jove, she *is* a ripper!"

He was a recent addition to the regiment—the son of a man who had made his money. He vainly endeavoured to win popularity by his lavishness and good-fellowship. But already his brother officers had nicknamed him "Electro Plate" and "Nickel Silver," and the length of his service among them was likely to be limited. Now Enniscorthy had a side glance for him and a side thought: "The fellow won't do—I never thought he would." But for the rest all the energies of his mind were fixed on Norah. From crimson, he had grown very pale; and there was no answering word on his lips, no answering sparkle in his eye, as he took her hand. He looked from the blazing flowers at her breast to the blazing cheeks, the loosened hair, and a kind of severe wonder grew upon his face.

Lady Enniscorthy, glaring through her eyeglass—never before had the petted grandchild encountered that look—gave to her nose its most awful hook and remarked:

"I was just asking who you were, my dear—I am not quite sure yet if I know—we don't seem to be able to get out of the pantomime atmosphere to-night." With a scathing glance across the room at Emerald Fanny's waving feathers: "This is a perfect transformation."

She was interrupted. Jane had been contemplating her niece with an air of dismay. In spite of her own odd taste for scraps of finery and her hopeless propensity for bedizening herself, none could be quicker than Jane to see when taste was outraged.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, what have you done to yourself? And dear Gertrude had dressed you so sweetly with your lace scarf and your dear little white frock! Did you say there was going to be private theatricals, mamma? Of course, that does make a difference, but I don't think that dear little Norah ought to be allowed to go about like this. Dear me, I hope she'll soon change her costume."

"And wash her face!" said the terrible Lady Enniscorthy.

Norah's head was promptly tossed, with the familiar defiance.

"Seeing you so grand, Aunt Jane," she cried insolently, "I didn't want to be put in the shade!"

Sir Duncan, who had been stifling an inconvenient sense of humour, was here so overcome that he had to turn his back.

"Upon my word . . .!" said Lady Enniscorthy.

Enniscorthy took a step toward his cousin.

"Will you give me the next dance?" he asked in a low voice.

Here was Norah's opportunity. She was tingling with the bitter anger of humiliation. Her grandmother's words were buzzing in her ears. She could have struck her lover for the disapproval of his eyes. If he did not admire, she would show him that there were plenty who did.

"I am engaged," she cried with an affected laugh. "Engaged about ten deep. But I'll see if I can spare you one after supper."

"You'll have to keep your weather eye

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open, old man," said Sir Duncan facetiously, "then perhaps you may get a look in."

Enniscorthy bowed gravely to Norah and sat down again beside the dowager without vouchsafing a glance on the temporary guardsman.

"Oh, I say," said the latter, as he whisked Norah away, "who is the queer old party in pink?"

The girl's answer was inaudible; but her face was eloquent in its pert gaiety as she answered, and so was the guffaw which followed.

Jane turned and looked at her mother. There were tears in her kind, vague eyes. She sat down in a huddled, helpless kind of way, and Enniscorthy's heart moved hot within him as he marked the trembling of her lip. To be unkind to Cousin Jane was like striking a child.

"Upon my word," said Lady Enniscorthy again—then her wrath exploded. "This is what comes of Gertrude's ultra cleverness! This is the final result of her system of education! First she leaves her husband a prey to an adventuress, and then, instead of decently accepting the situation, she asks the creature under the same roof as her daughter!"

The old lady's eyes were fixed on space; she seemed to be addressing neither Enniscorthy nor her daughter. Across her the glances of the young man and of poor Jane met in a strange sympathy; both were full of pain and perplexity. Then Jane faltered:

"Do you want to speak to Gertrude, dear mamma?"

But the Dowager answered:

"No. Let her go her own way!"

And this, Jane thought, was the most terrible of all.

Coralie, emerging from the conservatory on the arm of her husband—she had been having a *"reel* balmy little time" with that devoted being—blinking more than usual as she came into the brightness from the dim, shadowy spaces, nearly fell across Fräulein, who sat just inside the door, half-hidden by a palm. The German sprang to her feet.

"Ach, tear Mrs. Chamieson, I have been watching for you!"

Trottsky was in gala attire; her black silk dress was of the stiffest, shiniest description; round her neck she had a frill of lace and a large, bright blue bow. But her countenance was far from matching this festive display. It was pinched with anxiety and drawn into a hundred distressful wrinkles.

"Ach, Mrs. Chamieson, have you seen?"

"Seen what?"

"The child!" gasped Fräulein, and wrung her little hands under their frills of crotchet lace.

"Norah?" questioned Coralie; then she glanced at Fräulein's face again and gave Ernest a little push. "Just you get a seat for me in the supper-room, honey. A little table for us two if you can. I'll join you in a moment. Now, what's happened?" She turned on the lamenting governess.

"Ach, I do not know. But Norah, Norah!"

Coralie peered into the dancing throng. "But what's happened?" she repeated.

"I think she is mad," moaned Fräulein, and plumped down into her seat again. "Forgive that I sit, dear Mrs. Chamieson, I have such a tremble of the knees! Ach, I am too weak for these shocks—and Lord Enniscorthy . . ."

"Are they not together?" interrupted Coralie, with increased anxiety. "Oh, Fräulein, do tell me what it is all about!"

"Together?" cried the other with a squeak. "No—not together. Nor will he be together with her," she went on in ungrammatical misery, "whilst she looks so—!" She clenched a small, bony fist and shook it. "It is all that other woman! See what she makes of my Norah—a regular mink!"

The little crowd which, with the capriciousness of the ball-room tide, had gathered close before them, now parted and glided away to the last reprise of the waltz.

"Look," cried the German, pointing a dramatic finger after the fashion in which she would have said *"Pfui!"* to a recalcitrant pupil.

Coralie looked.

"Oh my goodness!" she exclaimed weakly.

Norah, fanning herself with a vast amount of artificial grace, stood framed against the darkness of a wide-open win-

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dow opposite. A persistent breeze was frolicking amid her loosened hair; and ever and again she jerked her head to keep some tendril from her eyes with an air of self-consciousness that matched only too well the high, metallic sound of her voice and laughter. She was surrounded by four or five young men, all apparently engaged in that pleasant exercise of wit called "chaffing." In one glance Coralie took in the whole extent of the disaster which had befallen the hopes of Orange Court: the rouged cheek, the blackened eyebrow, the blue and red flowers, with their crude meaning —Norah, whom she had last seen in her pure white, as distinguished as she was now "second-rate"; as modest as she was now flaunting; as lovely in her vivid natural colouring as she was now artificial and theatrical!

The expression on the countenances of the youths about the girl did not escape the shrewd American; nor the fact that one of them—he had a fatuous smile—wore, dependent from his buttonhole, a poppy and a cornflower that had evidently fallen from the great dishevelled bunch that vulgarised Norah's dress.

"But she can't be allowed to make a little guy of herself like that," exclaimed Coralie hotly; "some one must speak to her."

Fräulein wagged her head with tragic gusto.

"The General just now, he catch her by the arm and whispered, so sharp, 'Go wash your face,' he said. And Norah, she toss her head and off she whisked with one of those treadful young chentlemen. What can one do *beste*, Mrs. Chamieson. She is not a little child any more that one can pick up and slap and put to bed. And her mother, she looks at her now and again, so sadly. Once she speaks to her, too, gently in the ear, as she go by. And the naughty one toss her head. And those young chentlemen, ach! Mrs. Chamieson," pursued Fräulein with an air of worldly wisdom, "you know what dreadful beings young chentlemen are! To them she is just good fun to-night."

"And Lord Enniscorthy?"

Once again Trottsky wagged her head, pinching her lips together into a wide line expressive of the deepest sagacity.

"Ach, no, Mrs. Chamieson—and that is the stupidness and the sadness and the mischief of it all! The more she talk and laugh and flirt, and make herself conspicuous, the more he turn away from her. He vill not look at her. He cannot look. I watch him from my little corner. I know what is passing in his heart. That is a noble soul, Mrs. Chamieson, and it revolts from the triviality and the folly of its own ideal. He has not danced with her to-night—and the less he come, the more she go on silly! But do I not know her, too, my own child? Under that paint and that bad laughter I know her heart is breaking . . . breaking! And soon he will go away, disgusted. And then all will be *vorbei*—over for ever!" Fräulein's eyes suddenly grew pink. She sniffed, "Ach! And I, who would have died, Mrs. Chamieson, to see these two young and beautiful children happy united."

Coralie could have hugged the honest creature as she stood, her ugliness irradiated by pure unselfishness, grimacing in the effort to swallow down her tears. She echoed too fervently the renewed vindictives with which Fräulein pursued: "And it is that *weib*, the poisonous influence, the evil counsel of that—that rotten one!"

"What is to be done?" said the American, nibbling her finger. The very shrewdness of her own wits made her realise the danger of interfering again at such a critical moment, when a touch might precipitate an irretrievable disaster.

CHAPTER V

Nevertheless it was Coralie's fate to interfere. Crossing the hall, on her way to the supper-room, to seek counsel of her Ernest (things had come to a pretty pass when she had to address herself for inspiration to that excellent but uninspired quarter!), she met Enniscorthy, his light coat over his arm, his hat in his hand. Her heart leaped with an almost disproportionate sense of dismay.

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"Oh, you're not going away!" she cried.

All at once the rouged face that had exasperated her became piteous to her memory. The laughter and unnaturally strident voice echoed in her ears like sobs of despair. The young man turned a set countenance upon her; and at sight of her agitation grew himself perceptibly pale.

"I think I must go," he said very gently.

"No," said Coralie, with decision. She put out her hand and took his coat from him. "Don't go, Enniscorthy, don't go! Oh, can't you see——"

His eyes widened upon her with a shade of haughty surprise:

"But . . . Cousin Coralie . . ."

She grew bold through her own temerity, and, flinging the coat behind her, now laid hold of his hat. "Go back to the ball-room," she urged; "you're not going without dancing once with Norah—just one dance."

He looked at her still with uncertainty; coloured in a boyish way, swiftly, hotly; and then, of a sudden, against as it seemed an impulse of confidence, assumed his most reserved air.

"I'm afraid Norah is too much engaged to spare anything to a mere cousin to-night," he said formally. "Of course I should be only too happy to dance with her. Allow me," he added politely, "to place these things on one side." He took his hat from her and laid it neatly on his coat. "Can I take you in to have some supper before I go upstairs again?"

"No, thank you. Ernest is waiting for me."

Coralie spoke as formally as he himself; she was dashed. Her hot anxiety to help had changed into doubt, into a chill depression. Were they all wrong? Did Enniscorthy care? She watched the slim figure and its deliberate retreat to the dancing-room, and shook her head, even as Fräulein had done. A phrase of the shrewd German's returned ominously to her mind, one that had been delivered during their first consultation in the schoolroom: "The Norah he loved he can find no longer."

Love may persist through the most appalling catastrophes, but it may die—and how suddenly!—of a little disgust.

Norah was seated beside Sir Duncan, when she suddenly became aware that Enniscorthy was watching her intently. He was leaning against the framework of the doorless entrance to the orangery. It was during an interval between the dances; and most of the non-dancers had made the move to supper. As across the long empty space between them, their eyes met, Norah felt the inept laugh freeze on her lips, and knew that under the artificial bloom of her cheeks the blood was ebbing away. Instantly the whole situation became intolerable to her. Her heart sickened of her empty triumph. Only one thing mattered, would ever matter in life.

She had very little diplomacy, poor Norah, and still less knowledge of the world. She had tried to be clever this evening and the result was a dismal fiasco. Now, without another to advise her, she knew of no better way of obtaining her desire than to go straight for it.

Behind her, into the window recess, her mother's little writing-table had been pushed out of the way. She turned from her amazed partner, cutting him short in the middle of some playful remark, sprang up, and flinging open the lid of the bureau began a feverish hunt for writing materials. The first thing that came to hand was a block with pencil attached.

"What are you doing now?" cried Sir Duncan. "Is it a new game? I say, you are . . . you know!"

As she tore from the block the sheet upon which she had scribbled but one line she glanced up, with a sudden scowl, folded the paper into a cocked hat, and paused a second as if in deep reflection. Her glance wandered towards the orangery again.

"Look here," she said briefly, as the music struck up again, "just waltz me round to the other side of the room, will you? Do you hear?"

On this last she stamped her foot. For some time afterwards the youth was wont to assume an air of deep sagacity when the name of Lady Ger-

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trude Esdale's daughter was mentioned in his presence, and to remark that he did not think she was quite right in her head. "'Pon honour, he didn't! Of course, her aunt, Lady Challoner, was as mad as a hatter. Every one knew that!"

Clutching her note, Norah was whirled to the desired spot, and even as she was about to stretch forward a shaking hand to deliver her message, Enniscorthy stepped close to her: "When am I to have my dance?"

While she flushed and stammered at the sound of his quiet voice, the paramount idea in her mind was to hide her purpose of a moment before. Surreptitiously she slipped the scrap of paper into the moss of the palm-tub behind her, drawing a deep breath of relief as she did so.

"May I have the next?" went on her cousin in the same level tones.

Except that it was an affirmative she hardly knew what she answered him. Her pulses were beating in her throat so chokingly and her lips were so dry. The next thing she was aware of was that Sir Duncan had drawn her among the dancers again. He was saying something to her, laughing as he did so! What an idiot the creature was! How had she endured him all the evening? Was it possible that only an instant before she would have laughed with him?

Leaning on her son-in-law's arm, the Dowager returned to the dancing-room after partaking of supper. She had made an excellent repast, her appetite as much stimulated by an unwonted sense of emancipation as by the excitement of the evening. She was pleased to find herself the centre of attentions; and, after her long abstention from such functions, every detail amused and interested her. But, to her son-in-law, she had not made herself agreeable, and for Gertrude she had her severest glance. Father and mother were held responsible for the daughter's misbehaviour. As for Emerald Fanny, Lady Enniscorthy had ceased even to perceive her existence. The ingratiating widow had found an opportunity of restoring the old lady's handkerchief to her at supper; the attention had been acknowledged with an eye as blank as if Sir Reginald's whilom charmer had been one of the Windsor waiters.

Sir Reginald himself was glad to edge away from the range of his mother-in-law's shrewd gaze and biting tongue. He strolled, somewhat disconsolately, toward the orangery, secure in the fact that, a few minutes before, he had seen Emerald and her partner, after lingering under the palms, wend their steps into the hall. He was glad of a chance of solitude; for the evening which had begun so well was irretrievably spoilt for him. He had indeed a very keen sense of guilt on the score of Norah; for he was clear-sighted enough to recognise whose influence had been at work; and nothing could have more fully displayed to him the triviality of what he had once found so fascinating as to see it mirrored in his child. His wife's gentleness, the absence of even a reproach-glance in his direction, heightened his remorse. He was uncomfortable, too, in his relations with the widow herself; her eyes followed him with an expression equivalent to a moan. What a look it was that she had flung on him just now as she stood against the orangery archway. He had turned from it quickly; it had seemed to his guilty conscience to presage some signal, some equivocal message. In truth, he could not bring himself to approach her; dreaded, with a distaste approaching to nausea, the bare idea of a *tête-à-tête*.

As he now idly posted himself on the very spot whence this illicit shaft from Cupid's bow had been vainly shot at him, a corner of white paper, protruding from the moss of the palm-tub, caught his eye. With a dire foreboding he drew it out, and unfolding the twisted sheet, read:

"I cannot bear this any longer. What have I done that you will not even look at me? Meet me in the library after the second extra. I must speak to you."

It was scrawled in pencil, almost illegible; but Sir Reginald did not hesitate to recognise the handwriting—that fashion of flourishing and underlining

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was but too familiar to him. His uneasy conscience helped to convince. To whom but himself could such an appeal be addressed; and who but Emerald would have chosen such a mode of communication? This was then the meaning of the look he had avoided! The blood rushed humming to his temples, and receded, leaving his brow chill and damp. He must of course obey the summons. Behind the cooing, supple, caressing Emerald of the Indian days there was, as he had recently discovered, another; an Emerald with Medusa mask and vindictive eye; he had caught a glimpse of her upon the night when Gertrude had presented his gift. Of what might she not be capable? The more the husband wished to withdraw from his equivocal situation, the more intense was his desire to avoid any approach to a scandal.

He folded the unwelcome missive meticulously back into its cocked-hat shape, and was about to slip it into the breast pocket, when upon a sudden impulse of distaste, he thrust it from him into its former hiding place. Then he cast a glance around, fearful of observation; but the room was filled with eager couples arranging for the next dance; and he moved away to wait, in a deeper melancholy and more active discomfort than before, for the fated moment.

It was not long in coming.

Over the piano a card with "Second Extra" made its appearance almost immediately, and Sir Reginald, bracing himself for his unpleasant task, repaired to the hall, where he stood a moment peering round. Two or three couples were sitting out; there was a constant stream in and out of the supper-room. His suspense was brief. From behind a bank of flowers and palms the widow rose with a serpentine movement of grace, and came, rustling and clinking, forward. Behind her followed the youth who wore Norah's flowers in his buttonhole.

"Sir Reginald," she cooed, "will you spare me a few minutes? I feel—oh, I must speak to you."

It was the very phrase of the letter.

"Let us go into the library," said he, with the grace of a condemned man.

"My emeralds have been so much admired," she murmured as she clung to his arm.

But some one had been watching Sir Reginald after all. Jane, dreading, like Cinderella, the approach of the hour which would rob her of her finery, had conceived the childish plan of hiding from her Challoner in the dim recesses of the orangery. She hoped that, rather than miss his appointed train, he might leave her in possession of the pearls. Hardly had she ensconced herself, however, than she became aware of her brother-in-law's fine presence in the doorway; and peering at him in terror of discovery, became witness of his manœuvres with the three-cornered note. With a thrill that was not altogether unpleasurable she crept next from her hiding-place and, stretching a skinny arm stealthily forth, still keeping her person in concealment, possessed herself of the document.

It was, as she had foreseen, a *billet-doux*. Jane knew very well the meaning of a *billet-doux*. She never had received one; she had never written one, but she had dreamed of both. Her pale eyes nearly started from their sockets as she deciphered the faint lines by the light of a Chinese lantern. How desperate it read; how wicked! But, again, how thrilling! She remembered the conversation in the bedroom the day of her mother's cold; she remembered the wizard's warning, the stony emerald dog-collar at lunch; and then a sneaking sense of sympathy with the romance of the sinners was swept away by a tide of love and sorrow for dear Gertrude. Her beloved sister—she should not have her life wrecked if Jane could help it! This meeting in the library, which might lead to an instant elopement, must at all cost be prevented. Visions of rope ladders and a black horse with a pillion danced before Lady Challoner's mental vision. What was her own gratification, the sacrifice of the pearls, compared with Gertrude's happiness?

She rushed into the ball-room, blindly dashing against revolving couples, and,

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halting at last, clutched her sister by the hand.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I saw him reading it! but it is not too late, dear Gertrude, and it's a wife's duty to forgive. And perhaps nothing very dreadful's happened yet. And, of course, I wouldn't like Challoner—I mean Caractacus, no Challoner, of course—to behave so. And oh, dear Gertrude, there isn't any time to be lost! Here; read, read!"

Gertrude took the crumpled scrap of paper. With her single thought fixed upon Norah and the evening's failure, she brought less than her usual serenity to her matrimonial affairs. She read, and coloured angrily.

"You saw Reginald with this?"

"Oh, dear Gertrude, it was in the palm-pot over there; and he picked it out and just looked all round to see that nobody saw him. You know," ran on Jane's babbling tongue, "I'm afraid it's their post-office. People of that sort do have kinds of secret post-offices—I mean lovers." She tried to bite back the awful word, but it had already escaped her. She looked piteous and hugged herself.

"Lovers!"—Lady Gertrude gave a note of scornful laughter. "But why write?"

"Oh, lovers like writing," murmured Jane; and thought of Caractacus and his virile spirit communications.

Gertrude twisted the note in her hand, glanced at it again, shrugged her shoulders, and then spoke in a more natural voice:

"Oh, Jane, what a dear goose you are! This does not read as if Reginald had been devoted, does it?"

She tore the paper in pieces and turned to leave. But her sister clutched her in a frenzy:

"Oh, Gertrude, don't, don't, blind yourself! Dear Gertrude, I feel, I feel this is a crucial moment in your life. Look," cried Jane, shaking the arm she held, "there he is! He's looking for her—there in the hall. It is their dance, the signal—the second extra, you know. Don't you see? Oh, he's found her; they're going off together. Gertrude!" Her voice rose to a shrill crescendo.

"Oh, Jane," said the other wearily, "don't make a scene."

"If you don't go after them," said Jane, with the air of a dilapidated sybil, "you will forever regret it. It is all your fault; you should not have brought them together."

Agitation was gaining upon her again.

"Be quiet, then, and I'll go," cried the goaded wife at last.

She hesitated a second. It was impossible to cross the dancing-room; and to get round by the wall was to court the notice of Lady Enniscorthy, a contingency to be avoided in Jane's present state of excitement.

"I'll go through the garden," she whispered quickly, and stepped out on the terrace by the open window behind them.

Had she waited a moment longer she might have seen Norah join the dancers, Enniscorthy's arm round her waist. There was a look on the child's face that somehow made the paint upon it seem merely an accident. As in silence they were waltzing, her eyes were cast down, and there was a tremulous tenderness on the lips that had laughed so boldly. There was April again in her air.

But the mother missed the sight that would have brought such comfort to her heart, and she went out in to the still and balmy garden with a deeper sense of distress and doubt than she had perhaps ever known. She had had such confidence in her own diplomacy. With what certainty she had announced that she would win her husband back! Now her own conduct appeared to her a hideous folly, and she told herself that she had wrecked the happiness of her child—the one being she supremely loved on earth. Her little Norah, who had been fresher and purer than any white flower in the garden about her, should never have been brought into contact with such a creature as Mrs. Lancelot. Perhaps it was true of souls as of material things, that the more immaculate they were, the quicker to show the least smirch. And she, it was she, the mother, who had wrought the harm!

The more bitterly she reviled herself, the more bitterly she thought of her husband. Lovers! Even poor, guileless Jane dubbed them lovers. It was the woman whom she, the wife, had invited under

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his roof. It was intolerable, hideous, disgusting!

In such moments the mental outlook becomes distorted toward the past as toward the future: all at once the divers episodes of recent days assumed a different complexion as she recalled them one by one. The collar, and Reginald's discomfiture, the meekness with which he had accepted her mastery of the situation, her diplomatic manipulations. Everything pointed to the same thing. How blind she had been not to realise that no man in his senses would make such a gift except to a mistress!

The passionate appeal of the pencil scrawl no longer seemed to point to that satiety to which Coralie had jocularly alluded a few days ago. On the contrary, his avoidance of his guest, his discomfort and misery, all demonstrated guilt. He was too great a gentleman to endure the intolerable situation forced upon him by herself; that was evident. And there could be but one reason why the situation should be intolerable.

In her heart-sickness the wife told herself that, were this meeting in the library to end in the disaster foretold by Jane, she would scarcely care; but one thing had become clear to her—she must know. She would surprise them. She had tried to unravel a tangled knot; the only remedy, might, after all, be to cut it.

In her sisterly anxiety Jane had forgotten her own troubles, but the poor Cinderella was not destined to escape her fate. As if he had sprung up out of the ground, she suddenly beheld Lord Challoner before her.

"Ha, my lady, I've caught you! Trying to escape me, were you? Hiding behind the curtains, eh? Never trust a woman! Eh, Jane? Eh, Jane? Come now, there's a young fool going to drive me back in his motor. Glad I didn't get a return ticket. Come, now, my lady, give me back my pearls!"

Jane's protruding, plaintive eyes implored for a second, desperately. Then an unknown fire awoke within her.

"I'll go to bed, then," she cried. "I will. You can come to my bedroom if you like and take them!" Her voice shook. For the first time and last time in her existence she revolted. "I think you're very mean, Challoner," she said.

No fear that she should call him Caractacus; that noble being, in his cloak of skins, would have scorned to treat her so.

"Hullo! Hullo!" cried Lord Challoner. He was too amazed to be angry. Indeed, there was an unwonted respect in the glance he flung upon her; if poor Jane could have kept it up she might have won her first battle and with glory. But poor Jane could not. Already she was shrinking and cringing; and Lord Challoner carried the pearls back to London, tied up in the same paper and with the same string as that in which he had brought them down.

(*To be concluded*)

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING COPY

Around one branch of the advertising business—the making of effective "copy"—has grown up a literature of many volumes. The following are the titles of some of the recent books on the subject: *The Principles of Practical Publicity*, by Truman A. De Weesee, published by the Matthews Northrup Company; *Modern Advertising*, by E. E. Calkins and R. Holden, published by D. Appleton and Company; *The Psychology of Advertising*, by W. D. Scott, published by Small, Maynard and Company.

All of the above books and many others are written by experts in the advertising business; some of them very practical, others theoretical, and nearly all interesting, showing with what care and study these "silent salesmen," as they are sometimes called, are fashioned, so that they shall not remain unread, or if read, be unconvincing.

It was the idea of Mr. Francis Bellamy of *Everybody's Magazine* to find out from magazine readers themselves what is good advertising. In the November number, 1907, of *Everybody's* the publishers offered ten prizes for the ten best essays in answer to the question, "Which is the most effective advertisement in this number, and why?" Out of the

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nine hundred and fifty essays received, a selection of five hundred was made, and these essays, together with reproductions of the advertisements reviewed, are the body of a volume just published by Mitchell Kennerley. In the prefatory essay on "The Science of Advertising Copy" Mr. Bellamy analyses the hundreds of replies, and attempts to show from these replies what makes an effective magazine advertisement. He discusses effectiveness in type, effectiveness in style, effectiveness in sincerity, effectiveness in stimulation, in pictures, in personality, in self-judgment, in choice of mediums, in liberal space. One would think that even an advertising man would find little profit in reading the five hundred answers contained in the book. The layman need read only Mr. Bellamy's prefatory essay. His analysis is well done and entertaining, and one feels in reading, that from this excellent mass of facts so carefully analysed and classified, at the conclusion a startling discovery in the art of writing a good advertisement will be surely found. In this one is disappointed. There is no conclusion, except, perhaps, that advertising is not scientific; that the element of human personality is too strong; that "almost unanimous is the favour shown to advertisements which from start to finish are straightforward, with no possible illusion and concealment."

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

Broadway Publishing Company:

Poems. By Edward Gruse.

A collection of about fifty poems, the majority of which the author states were written between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. A few of the poems have already appeared in print.

R. R. Donnelley and Sons Company (Chicago):

My Own Philosophy, and Other Poems and Dramas. By Werner Eggerth.

"My Own Philosophy" is a long poem written in two parts and setting forth views of God, of truth, of men, of love, etc. The one hundred or more miscellaneous poems are grouped under three headings: Humorous Poems; Early Poems; and Later Poems. Besides these there are a number of translations and three dramas.

Edwin S. Gorham:

The Omar Sonnets (A New Sonnet Form) and the Letra Lyrics. Translated and Edited by Oliver Opp Dyke.

The edition has been limited to two hundred and fifty copies.

Elkin Mathews (London):

Damien of Molokai. By Wilbur Underwood.

Miscellaneous poems.

Sherman, French and Company:

Confession and Other Verses. By May Austin Low.

Consisting of twenty-five short miscellaneous poems.

Love, Faith and Endeavor. By Harvey Carson Grumbine.

About fifty short poems on the themes as indicated in the title.

The Valley Press (Kamakura, Japan):

The Pilgrimage. By Yone Nogouchi.

Two volumes of miscellaneous verse.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

The Ball Publishing Company:

Socialism and the Family. By H. G. Wells.

Two papers setting forth the attitude of Modern Socialism to family life. The first was read to the Fabian Society in October, 1906, under the title of "Socialism and the Middle Classes." The second appeared first in the *Independent Review.*

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Mental Medicine. Some Practical Suggestions from a Spiritual Standpoint. Five Conferences with Students at the Johns Hopkins Medical School. By Oliver Huckel, S.T.D.

This book contains "some practical suggestions from a spiritual standpoint" in regard to the subject of healing without the use of drugs. It is the substance of a course of lectures delivered at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, by a prominent clergyman. Dr. Huckel has endeavoured to outline the essentials of a wise co-operation, between the two professions of religion and medicine, in their mutual care of the sick.

Christianity: Its Nature and Its Truth. By Arthur S. Peake, D.D.

The author presents in a clear, non-controversial way a series of definitions and discussions, in answer to such ques-

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tions as "What is Religion?" "Is there a God?" "Which is the Best Religion?" "Sin," "The Miracles," "The Supernatural Birth," and "The Resurrection of Jesus."

The Hartman Publishing House:

The Individual Development of Man. A Discussion of the Influence of Labour on the Evolution of the Individual. By Harriet R. Beary.

In her treatment of Labour as the central theme, the author discusses her subject from the individual rather than the collective point of view. She maintains that human progress depends upon the adaptation of individualism to solar time. Reference is made in this book especially to the education of the child and to the maintenance of the family tie. As a foundation upon which to base her system, the author establishes the necessity of organic bodily health, dependent upon the functional adjustment of the nervous system.

Henry Holt and Company:

Geology of the City of New York. With Numerous Illustrations and Maps. By L. P. Gratacap, A.M.

This third and enlarged edition retains all the material of the earlier edition with as much again of new matter comprising the results of recent investigation of the geology of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and an epitome of the geology of Long Island.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Basis of Ascendancy. A Discussion of Certain Principles of Public Policy Involved in the Development of the Southern States. By Edgar Gardner Murphy.

While largely concerned with the principles of race-adjustment in the Southern States, this book has a direct bearing upon many of those broader problems of national and international policy which are so insistently presented in the increasing world-contact of the stronger and the weaker racial groups. Deeply as the author is concerned as to the future of the negro, his chief interest is naturally in the South as a whole. The development of the weaker race is viewed in its relation to the sound and wholesome development of the stronger.

The Macmillan Company:

How to Identify the Stars. By Willis I. Milham, Ph.D.

A work providing information which the amateur astronomers wish to find at hand. With the aid of the charts and plans at the back of the book, the identification of the constellations becomes a simple undertaking, and in the text is to be found much compact information. Altogether, the book provides a convenient and agreeable introduction to knowledge of the heavens.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Tuberculosis. A Preventable and Curable Disease. Modern Methods for the Solution of the Tuberculosis Problem. By S. Adolphus Knopf, M.D.

The purpose of Dr. Knopf's book is to show that consumption is now positively known to be curable, and to bring all people together into a world campaign for its subjugation. It has been written for the patient and those living with him, for the physician, the nurse, the sanitarian, the statesman, the legislator, the teacher, the man and woman in private life.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Champion Spelling Book. For Public and Private Schools. By Warren E. Hicks, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Cleveland, Ohio.

Embodying the method of teaching spelling, which after two years' use enabled the pupils of the Cleveland schools to win the victory in the National Education Association spelling contest of 1908. It covers six school years, from the third to the eighth inclusive, and contains about six thousand words in all.

Easy French Prose Composition. Based on Contes et Légendes, 1re Partie. By H. A. Guerber.

This Prose Composition, though based on Part I of the same author's Contes et Légendes, is equally well adapted for classes which do not use the latter book. The exercises consist of twenty-five selections in English, with the necessary indications of correct idiomatic renderings, but without vocabulary.

The Adventures of Pathfinder. Adapted from J. Fenimore Cooper's *Pathfinder*. By Margaret N. Haight.

A thorough abridgment of Cooper's famous story, in which all lengthy descriptions, tedious conversations, moral reflections, and other unnecessary details have been carefully omitted. Cooper's own words, the atmosphere of the original novel, have been retained wherever possible.

The Last of the Mohicans. Adapted from J. Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*, by Margaret N. Haight.

The adventures of Chingachgook, Uncas, and Hawkeye, which have delighted so many generations of readers, are here published in a form suitable for pupils of the grammar grades, as one of the well-known series of Eclectic Readings.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Teaching to Read. By James L. Hughes.

With chapters on "The Meaning of

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Learning to Read;" "The Logical Order of the Steps in Learning to Read—and to Read Aloud;" "General Principles;" "Objective Methods of Teaching Word Recognition;" "The Phonic Method;" "Teaching How to Recognise Visible Language;" "Expression;" "Variety in Reading Matter for Primary Classes."

Ginn and Company:

Readings in Modern European History. Vol. II. (Europe Since the Congress of Vienna.) By James Harvey Robinson, Professor of History in Columbia University, and Charles A. Beard, Adjunct Professor of Politics in Columbia University.

A collection of extracts from the sources chosen with the purpose of illustrating some of the chief phases of the development of Europe during the last two hundred years.

Henry Holt and Company:

Trigonometry. By Arthur Graham Hall, Ph.D. (Leipzig) and Fred Goodrich Frink, M.S. (Chicago).

Designed to meet the mutual demands of mathematicians and engineers for a treatment that shall more completely supply the needs of the technological student.

Syntax of the French Verb. By Edward C. Armstrong. With Exercises by De La Warr B. Easter.

Intended to be sufficiently comprehensive to serve students of French as a reference book. "At the same time," the author writes in his preface, "an effort has been made to arrange the material in such a way that it can be used to advantage in class, especially in connection with exercises in French composition."

Spanish Tales for Beginners. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary by Elijah Clarence Hills, Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of Romance Languages in Colorado College.

The editor expresses the wish that this volume may awaken the students' interest in the civilisation of Spain, and that it may serve as an introduction to the study of Spanish literature.

Old Testament Narratives. Selected and Edited by George Henry Nettleton.

Arranged for the convenience of the general reader and for the student of literature. Such passages as are interesting in themselves and important in the development of the whole Hebrew record have been chosen for this volume.

Das Habichtsfräulein. By Rudolph Baumbach. With Introduction, Notes, Vocabulary and Composition Exercises. By Dr. Morton C. Stewart, Instructor in German at Harvard University.

This tale has been chosen as one suitable for beginners in the study of German.

Ruy Blas. By Victor Hugo. With Introduction and Notes by Kenneth McKenzie, Ph.D. (Yale University.)

The text of the drama is in French with the introduction, giving a sketch of the life and work of Victor Hugo, and the notes in English.

Beginning German. A Series of Lessons with an Abstract of Grammar. By H. C. Bierwirth, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of German in Harvard College.

Second edition, revised and enlarged.

Andromaque.

Athalie.

Britannicus.

By Jean Racine. Edited with Introduction, Remarks and Notes by F. M. Warren, Street Professor of Modern Languages in Yale University.

The subjects are in French, while the introduction in each volume, containing a brief sketch of the life of Racine, a few words in regard to his drama, as well as his style and versification, and Professor Warren's remarks on each of the subjects, are in English.

The Macmillan Company:

The Elements of Hygiene. For Schools. Compiled by Isabel McIsaac.

This work is based upon the author's *Hygiene for Nurses.* Extensive revisions and alterations have been made in order to adapt the material to school use.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Art of Speech and Deportment. By Anna Morgan.

Dealing with the bases of self-expression, specifically with practical and tested instruction in personal conduct; with the use and quality of the voice; with platform manners; with correct conversational English.

Selected Readings. Compiled by Anna Morgan.

Comprising selected readings of special merit for teachers, and of much worth as imparting to the student an appreciation of literature in its wider sense.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Goose Girl. By Harold MacGrath.

The scene is in an imaginary German principality and the two chiefly concerned in the story are the American hero and the charming Princess Hildegarde, whose life is surrounded by mystery.

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Broadway Publishing Company:

The Transition. By John L. Hill.

John Hatton, a young clergyman, after preaching for a time, firmly believes that the ministry should be a purely voluntary calling and not made a means of earning a livelihood. Consequently, though he makes many enemies in doing so, he enters upon a business career and at the same time continues his ministerial work. He falls in love with Eleanor Tarvin, a member of the first church of which he has charge. The girl's mother, however, opposes the suit as she thoroughly disapproves of some of the young man's broad-minded religious views. They are separated for some years, but eventually meet in Europe and finding that they still love each other are married after securing the once withheld consent of Mrs. Tarvin.

The Century Company:

Stories of the Great West. By Theodore Roosevelt.

Ten short tales of Western life grouped under two headings: "Stories from History" and "Stories of Adventure." The illustrations are by Remington and other artists.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

After the Cataclysm. A Romance of the Age to Come. By H. Percy Blanchard.

As a victim of a terrible cataclysm in Rochester, New York, in 1901, a young man is so stunned that he becomes unconscious and remains in that state for over thirty years. In 1934, when he regains consciousness, he looks out upon a new order of things and finds it difficult to grasp the changes which have taken place in the social and political life of the people.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

When I am Rich. By Roy Mason.

New York is the scene of this tale which deals with the experiences of Chester Taylor in his struggle for success. Though the son of a wealthy man, and a Yale graduate, he suddenly finds himself penniless. Adopting the philosophy of a gambler, who had taken his last forty cents, that success in life is simply a matter of nerve and that if a man kept feeling cheerful inside all the time he couldn't lose, he sets out to make a place for himself and within a year not only becomes a wealthy man but wins the hand of the girl he loves, whom he first met when he was working around the docks of a North River pier.

True Detective Stories. By A. L. Drummond.

Mr. Drummond here relates some of his experiences during the forty years in which he was engaged in the "business of running down criminals." He was for many years associated with the United States Secret Service. The volume is made up of seventeen short stories.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

From Sea to Sea. Letters of Travel. By Rudyard Kipling.

Recently added to the Pocket Edition of Mr. Kipling's works.

Harper and Brothers:

Jason. A Romance. By Justus Miles Forman.

A story of the Paris of to-day. The plot centres about the sudden disappearance of a wealthy American lad after a serious quarrel with his grandfather. The hero is a Frenchman who falls in love with Helen Benham, the boy's sister. As a sign of his devotion he offers to make a search for the lost brother. This quest is a very adventurous one but the gallant knight meets with success.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Governors. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A story of large financial interests in New York. The "Governors" are men who are at the head of big corporations and who regulate the money markets. Five of these magnates ho'd a conference to discuss ways and means to prevent a certain bill being passed in the Senate. One of the number, not in harmony with the rest, contrives to have the four men sign a paper offering an enormous bribe to men of high standing in the Senate. He fails to sign the agreement but gets the paper into his possession. He then intrusts it to the keeping of his niece, who has come to his home to take the place of his daughter, with whom he had quarrelled upon discovering that she had betrayed some of his financial secrets. The paper, which is in great demand, the men who had signed it all struggling for its possession, is stolen from the home of the financier, and Virginia, the niece, determined to recover the document, for the loss of which she feels responsible, makes a trip to Europe alone in the hope of tracing it. Not only does her mission prove successful, but her own happiness is insured when she meets Guy Mildmay, who falls in love with her and who later claims his title as the Duke of Mowbray.

In Whaling Days. By Howland Tripp.

Made up of eighteen short stories of bygone days, when New Bedford was the centre of whaling industries, with characters drawn from life.

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The Macmillan Company:

Poppea of the Post-Office. By Mabel Osgood Wright.

Hartley Mills, a small New England town, is the scene of this story which opens with the early days of the Civil War. An infant is left on the doorstep of the kind old Oliver Gilbert, the village postmaster. The child is adopted by him and Poppea grows up to young womanhood before she discovers the mystery surrounding her life and learns that instead of the dear old postmaster being her father, as she had always supposed, she is the daughter of John Angus, the richest and the meanest man of the place. She remains true to her foster father and through her interest in his work and the aid she learns to render him she becomes known as Poppea of the Post-Office.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Woman and the Sword. By Rupert Lorraine.

An adventursome tale of mediæval days with the scenes laid chiefly in Germany. Sir Francis Charrington and Hilary Page had been betrothed from childhood, but neither cared seriously for the other. When Count Von Zinkendorf visits London and makes love to Hilary she immediately becomes fascinated to such an extent that she consents to elope with him to Germany. They are followed by Sir Francis and his uncle, Gilbert Charrington. There is much mystery, excitement, and sword play before Hilary is rescued from the clutches of the Count whom she had very soon discovered to be a villain. Gilbert Charrington and Hilary then fall desperately in love and Sir Francis, unwilling to lose his wealthy fiancée, challenges his uncle to fight. Sir Francis falls leaving the ground clear for the older man who succeeds to his title and property. The Count also resents Sir Gilbert's love for Hilary and another duel is fought in which Sir Gilbert wins out.

Donald W. Newton:

Spiritmist. By Ivan Trepoff.

The theme of this novel is the evil influence which a scheming woman exerts over a strong, self-confident man.

Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South:

The Men of Sapio Ranch. By Horace M. Du Bose.

The flipping of a coin decides two Tennessee boys on making a trip to the far West, where they cast in their lot with the cow-punchers of Sapio Ranch. One of the principal characters is an evangelist, who visits the ranch and attains a great power for good over some of these men, hardened by their rough life.

The Queen's Shop (Brookline, Mass.):

Philip the Forester. A Romance of the Valley of Gardens. By Daniel Edwards Kennedy, M.A.

A narrative of life in a New York country village. It tells of the love of Philip, the young forester, for Mildred, the simple country maiden. The edition has been limited to four hundred and twenty copies.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

A Woman for Mayor. A Novel of To-day. By Helen M. Winslow.

Miss Winslow has based her story on the present-day suffrage question. Her theme is that where women are given the right to vote women will be elected to high offices. Her heroine is elected to the office of Mayor and shortly afterward marries her opponent in the campaign.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Shadow of the Crescent. By Edward Bedinger Mitchell.

Described as a novel of the Turkish Revolution. Ronald Lampton, deeply in love with a girl whose guardian he happens to be, makes a wild hunt for her when she disappears from New York. One of the chief characters is a Turkish envoy who appears at a ball in New York and attempts to bully the girl and rob her of an emerald necklace. It is after this that she suddenly disappears. The perplexing questions the hero has to solve are: Where is the girl? Who has taken her? What was wanted—the girl or the necklace—and why?

Small, Maynard and Company:

Waylaid by Wireless. A Suspicion, a Warning, a Sporting Proposition and a Transatlantic Pursuit. By Edwin Balmer.

His resemblance to a remarkably clever burglar gets Preston, the American young man of the story, who is making a tour of the cathedral towns of England, into no end of trouble. Wireless telegraphy plays an important part in the plot. The heroine is a Miss Varris, whom Preston meets on board the steamer bound for England and who later comes to his aid when suspicion rests upon him as the daring thief.

The John C. Winston Company:

The Show Girl. By Max Pemberton.

The story is told in the form of correspondence carried on chiefly by Henry Gastonard, an art student in Paris, and his jovial Irish friend, Paddy O'Connell.

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JUVENILE

Dodge Publishing Company:

Friends of the Hunted. By John Howard Jewett.

A story of animal life for boys. The author makes the animals, who are endowed with the power of speech through the kindness and love of the boy and his grandfather, tell their view of life.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Science at Home. Simple Experiments for Young People. By T. Baron Russell.

For the entertainment of young people the author has described a number of tricks and games which are based upon science. He has shown pictures of the various experiments.

L. C. Page and Company:

Marching with Morgan. How Donald Lovell Became a Soldier of the Revolution. By John V. Lane.

A tale of Revolutionary days. As a rifleman the hero joined Captain Morgan in his march to Quebec in the Fall of 1775.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

The Airship Boys; or, The Quest of the Aztec Treasure. By H. L. Sayler.

The first volume of The Airship Boys Series. The second volume, which has also recently been issued, is entitled *The Airship Boys Adrift; or, Saved by an Aeroplane.* Other volumes will be added to the series from time to time.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

The Story of Oil. By Walter Sheldon Tower, Ph.D.

Mr. Tower tells the full history of petroleum. At first there is the historical treatment, stating how the oil was known and used in ancient times and by various nations, and in what various forms. Then follows the narration of the beginning of the oil industry in America and other countries, and the rapid and phenomenal growth of the product through all of its several refinements. There is a chapter on the great Standard Oil Company and its growth.

The Ball Publishing Company:

This Misery of Boots. By H. G. Wells.

A short discourse on socialism in which the author takes as an example to illustrate the results of the unequal distribution of wealth, the misery caused by the poorly made, uncomfortable, and worn out boots which the great mass of people are forced to wear.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Poe Cult and Other Poe Papers. With a New Memoir. By Eugene L. Didier.

Some of the themes presented in these papers are: the real Poe as he moved among his friends, as distinguished from the fictitious hero of infamous calumnies; the women whom he admired and whose memory is enshrined in his poems; the true story of his affection for Mrs. Whitman, his most sincere admirer and stanchest advocate; an exposition of the many errors prevalent in the more recent biographies; the truth about Edgar Allan Poe as attested to by those who actually knew him; the poet as a social lion, his marvelous conversational powers and striking personality; the tardy recognition that has been paid him; his status at home and abroad; a critical review of the most generally accepted editions of his life.

The Century Company:

Alcohol. How it Affects the Individual, the Community, and the Race. By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

The book is based on three articles which appeared in *McClure's Magazine.* The original material has been revised and expanded—the new matter, including important tables summarising the result of various experiments as to the effect of alcohol on the human system.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Where the Fishers Go. The Story of Labrador. By Rev. P. W. Browne.

The author, who is a member of the Historical Society of Nova Scotia, tells of the lives of the men who engage in the fishing industries on the coast of Labrador. The volume contains maps and many interesting photographs. The author made his first visit to Labrador in 1890. This was a pleasure trip. On subsequent voyages, as a missionary, he made tours among the fishermen and permanent settlers. He writes that he does not claim for his work the title of a history. "It is merely a little literary fabric woven from facts and experiences, during the leisure moments of a busy ministerial life."

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Belles, Beaux and Brains of the 60's. By T. C. De Leon.

A new edition of a work which the author dedicates to his "Countrywomen on both sides of the mythic 'Line,' who, in time of need, have ever proved themselves worthy daughters of brave sires." It treats of events social, political and historical in the old South. One hundred and sixty-six portraits of the leading Southerners of the day illustrate the volume.

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Dana Estes and Company:

The Thoughts of John Ruskin. Edited by Dana Estes, M.A.

The second volume in the series entitled "Noble Thoughts of the World's Greatest Minds." With a brief sketch of the life of John Ruskin.

Government Printing Office (Washington, D. C.)

Report of the Commissioner of Education. For the Year Ended June 30, 1908. Volume II.

Consisting chiefly of statistical matter.

Harper and Brothers:

The Great English Letter-Writers. With Introductory Essays and Notes. By William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. Volumes I and II.

The initial work in a series to be known as the Reader's Library, the purpose of which is to present in a succinct form a survey of English literature. In the preparation of *The Great English Letter-Writers* the object of the editors has been to show how various men and women, scattered through different ages, have borne themselves under the same crisis of emotion and action. The introductory essays aim at a general historic survey of the art of letter-writing, together with a critical estimate of the writers and of their relation to the literature of their age.

Henry Holt and Company:

The French Revolution. A Short History. By R. M. Johnston.

Professor Johnston defines his work as an attempt "to disentangle from the mass of details the shape, the movement, the significance of this historical cataclysm."

Napoleon. A Short Biography. By R. M. Johnston.

A new edition. The book is intended "to present to the reader in the most concise form possible, but yet with historical accuracy, an outline of the history of Napoleon that will convey an adequate first impression of his genius and policy."

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Advertisements of *The Spectator*. By Lawrence Lewis.

Being a study of the literature, history and manners of the Queen Anne's England as they are reflected in the advertisements of *The Spectator*, as well as an illustration of the origins of the art of advertising. With appendix of representative advertisements now for the first time reprinted, and an introductory note by George Lyman Kittredge.

Laird and Lee:

Standard Recipes for Ice Cream Makers. Wholesale and Retail. By Val Miller.

A practical, up-to-date work, giving the latest approved recipes for making all kinds of ice creams, ices and drinks, with full instructions for crystallizing fruits, flavouring, working up soured cream, testing cream, making ice cream bricks, transferring ice cream, making window display, gaining trade, etc., and one hundred "pointers."

Jos. J. Lanzit (Chicago, Ill.):

The Wretches of Povertyville. By I. L. Nascher, M.D.

A book described as "a sociological study of the Bowery." It has been divided into three parts: "Povertyville;" "The Wretches;" and "The Problem."

Life Publishing Company:

A Little Bird Told Me! Pictures and Text by Walt Kuhn.

A series of amusing pictures and inscriptions which have recently appeared in *Life*. The artist, Mr. Kuhn, puts all sorts of funny-looking birds into ridiculously human situations, and underneath places their supposed remarks.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising his Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore.

Volume VII, covering the period from 1846 to 1848.

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising his Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore.

Volume VIII, covering the period from 1848 to 1853.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Small Yacht. Its Management and Handling for Racing and Sailing. With Chapters on Construction. By Edwin A. Boardman.

The author, who has had large practical experience in designing and sailing small yachts, having won the Seawanhaka cup from the Canadians in 1905, describes some of the best methods for tuning up a boat, or, in other words, preparing her for a race, and also explains the various ways and means of extricating one's boat from, and gaining advantage of, a competitor. Scientific terms have been avoided as far as possible, and the points have been illustrated with photographs of small yachts taken while racing, and with valuable original plans and diagrams. The first part of the book deals with the

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preparation of the yacht for the race, and the second with its sailing.

Cooking for Two. A Handbook for Young Housekeepers. By Janet Mackenzie Hill.

Written by the editor of the Boston *Cooking School Magazine*. Designed to help young housekeepers in the selection and preparation of the proper foods necessary to insure a nutritive and yet varied menu.

W. H. Lowdermilk and Company (Washington, D. C.):

Deck and Field. By Frank Warren Hackett.

Twelve addresses, two of which were delivered before the United States Naval War College in 1900 and 1901 and the balance on various commemorative occasions.

The John McBride Company:

Love Letters of Famous Poets and Novelists. Selected by Lionel Strachey and Prefaced with Descriptive Sketches by Walter Littlefield.

Containing about one hundred and seventy letters, selected from the authentic correspondence of seventeen literary celebrities with their spouses, sweethearts, or paramours. The editors have prefaced each set of letters with a page or two of explanatory information concerning the circumstances of the correspondence and the participants.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Pictorial Log of the Battle Fleet Cruise Around the World. By Roman J. Miller. Illustrated from photographs by H. R. Jackson.

Dedicated to the officers and men of the United States Navy and Marine Corps. The author gives a brief account of the fleet's trip around the world and has prepared a chart showing the "Composition and Itinerary" of the fleet. About eighty-five pages are devoted to a collection of rare photographs, taken by an expert photographer aboard the battleship *Vermont*. These show many incidents occurring on land and water in all parts of the globe during the long cruise.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Practical Agitation.

Causes and Consequences.

Emerson and Other Essays.

By John Jay Chapman.

New and revised editions.

Privately Published:

Leaves of Truth. Utah and the Mormons. By John Phillips Meakin.

Papers, poems and letters. Described as "An appeal for a nobler manhood."

Privately Published (Indianapolis, Ind.):

Twenty Years in Hell with the Beef Trust. Facts, Not Fiction. By Roger R. Shiel.

Being a discussion of the lack of improvement in agriculture, live stock, poultry, etc. It was prepared by Mr. Shiel and other well-informed men for the Commission on Country Life.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

English Literature in the Nineteenth Century. An Essay in Criticism. By Laurie Magnus, M.A.

In a preface the author writes that he has attempted in this volume not so much a history of English literature between 1784 and the present day as a survey of that literature as a whole, and an essay in its criticism. "In discussing living writers," he says, "I have drawn an imaginary but fairly obvious line between the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. Writers belonging to the twentieth century I have not discussed in their persons, but rather, as far as requisite, according to the tendencies they represent, and otherwise hardly at all. Writers belonging to the last century I have tried to consider impartially, whether living or dead."

The Reilly and Britton Company:

Automobile Law for Motorists. The Law of the Road and Principles of the Law of Negligence. By Twyman O. Abbott. With a Compilation of the Motor Vehicle Statutes Enacted by the Various States.

Mr. Abbott has condensed the general principles of automobile law which are established by court decisions, statutory legislation and the common law into 178 clear and definite rules. The book covers all such points as definitions; regulations as to equipment, speed rates, registration (for residents and non-residents); duty toward persons and animals on the highway, and the laws of negligence; arrest, trial and bail; rights and liability of garage-keepers; and all kindred subjects.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Araminta. Snaith. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. By Right of Conquest. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Characters and Events of Roman History. Ferrero. (Putnam.) $2.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. History of New York City. Van Rensselaer. (Macmillan.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Scarlet Feather. Townley. (Watts.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
3. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Hudson Tercentenary. Chamberlain. (Lyon.) ——.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys on Treasure Isle. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 75 cents.
2. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Glory of the Conquered. Glaspell. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Scarlet Feather. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.
3. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Story of the Gospel Hymns. Sankey. (S. S. Times.) $1.00.
4. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. House that Glue Built. Williams. (Stokes.) $1.00.
3. Budge and Toddie. Habberton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

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5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Antonio. Oldmeadow. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Haremlik. Vaka. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
4. Letters from China. Conger. (McClurg.) $2.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Score. Malet. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Haremlik. Vaka. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Self-Control. Dubois. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.
3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Patience of John Morland. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Michael Thwaites's Wife. Michaelson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Woman for Mayor. Winslow. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Scarlet Feather. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Air Ship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Billy Whiskers's Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer & Barse.) 75 cents.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Earth. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Functions of Religion. Foster. (Univ. of Chicago Press.) $1.00.
3. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
4. Box Furniture. Brigham. (Century Co.) $1.60.

JUVENILES

1. The Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Kidnapped Campers. Canfield. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Poems and Stories Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Love's Privilege. During. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Black Flier. Macvane. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Patience of John Morland. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Old Fashioned Girl. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Adventures of Pinochio. Collodi. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Men of Sapio Ranch. Dubose. (Smith & Lamar.) $1.00.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Commentary on Bible. Dummelow. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Price of Power. Holden. (Revell.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Books. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Phillip Exeter Series. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterburg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Railroad Freight Rates. McPherson. (Holt.) $2.25.
3. Functions of Religion. Foster. (Chicago Univ. Press.) $1.00.
4. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Little Colonel Books. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. A B Z of Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Dragon's Blood. Rideout. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Adventures of a Nice Young Man. Aix. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
2. Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Macmillan.) 50 cents.
3. Wild Life on the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Peter Rabbit Books. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Three Keys. Ormond. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fiction

1. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Whirl. Davis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The Three Keys. Ormond. (Watt.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Whirl. Davis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. What is Physical Life? Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. Rowland. (Dodge Pub. Co.) 75 cents.
4. Oh! Christina. Bell. (Revell.) 60 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Humphrey Bold. Strang. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Heroic Legends. Herbertson. (Caldwell.) $2.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Earth. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The History of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) $12.50.
2. Pluralistic Universe. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.50.
3. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Roosevelt Bears Abroad. Eaton. (Stern.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Charming Humbug. Clark. (Dutton.) $1.20.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Cherub Devine. Ford. (Kennerly.) $1.50.
5. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Self Control. Dubois. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.
3. Bird Guide, Part II. Reed. (Clarke.) 50 cents.
4. Foolish Questions. Goldberg. (Small, Maynard.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Trip to the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Robert Lee, Southerner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Riddle of Personality. Bruce. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Consumption. Flick. (McKay.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Miss Betty of New York. Deland. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. By Right of Conquest. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Feather. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.
4. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Three Keys. Ormond. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Heavens. Haggard. (Lovell.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. (Page.) $1.50.
2. 365 Desserts, Cook Book. 50 cents.
3. Robert E. Lee. Bruce. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
4. Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book. (Arnold.) $2.00.

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JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Boy Stories. Kipling. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Woman for Mayor. Winslow. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
3. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. One Volume Bible Commentary. Dummelow. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.25.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.25.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. By Right of Conquest. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
2. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Canzoni. Daly. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. Philosophy of a Long Life. Finot. (Lane.) $2.50.
3. French Revolution. Johnston. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. A Pluralistic Universe. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Little Busy Bodies. Marks and Moody. (Harper.) 75 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Anthony Cuthbert. Bagot. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Romances of French Revolution. Le Notre. (Brentano.) $6.00.
2. What is Physical Life? Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Man Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Robespierre. Warwick. (Jacobs.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.
2. Adrift on an Ice Pan. Grenfell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 75 cents.
3. Self Measurement. Hyde. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.
4. On the Use of the Margin. Griggs. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Husband by Proxy. Steele. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.
6. A Gentleman of Quality. Day. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

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2. Patty's Summer Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. On Your Marks. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Fiction

1. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Earth. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Patience of John Morland. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Little Colonel Books. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Dainty Books. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. Dudley Books. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Patience of John Morland. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mr Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The White Sister Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Story of the Great Lakes. Channing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Adrift on an Ice Pan. Grenfell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Adventures of Pinochio. Collodi. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5 Peter. Smith. (Scribner) $1.50.
6. The Patience of John Morland. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
2. Wine of Wizardry. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. The Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) $2.00.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales. Warde. (Penn.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Strain of White. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. History of the State of Washington. Meany. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.50.
4. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

Juveniles

No report.

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SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Husband by Proxy. Steele. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Chrysalis. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
6. The Whirl. Davis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Alsaka. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. History of the State of Washington. Meany. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

Juveniles

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

Fiction

1. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) 1.20.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Catering for Two. James. (Putnam.) $1.00.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Pippins and Peaches. Qui Vive. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys on Treasure Island. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 75 cents.
2. Autobiography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

Fiction

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.
3. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
6. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fiction

1. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Lane. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Jason. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Tempered Steel. Mallory. (Fenno.) $1.50. $1.50.
4. A Drama in Sunshine. Vachell. (Fenno.) $1.00.
5. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Poppea of the Post-Office. Wright. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) $1.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. A Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Spring Cleaning. Burnett. (Scribner.) .60.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50	281
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50	108
3. The Bride of the Mistletoe. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25	94
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.00	90
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50	84
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50	74

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
The Inner Shrine	7
The Man in Lower Ten	4
Mr. Opp	4
The White Mice	3
Marriage à la Mode	3
The White Sister	3
The Governors	3
Katrine	2
The Bride of the Mistletoe	2
A Husband by Proxy	2
The Whirl	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
The Inner Shrine	11
Katrine	6
The Bride of the Mistletoe	6
Poppea of the Post-Office	5
The White Sister	5
Marriage à la Mode	4
The Woman in Question	3
The Governors	3
The White Mice	2
The Chippendales	2
The Man in Lower Ten	2
The Scarlet Feather	2
Jason	2
By Right of Conquest	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
The Inner Shrine	5
The Romance of a Plain Man	3
Katrine	3
The Bride of the Mistletoe	2
Mr. Opp	2
The Woman in Question	2
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	2
The Three Keys	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO. LISTS
The Inner Shrine	10
Mr. Opp	6
Katrine	5
The White Sister	5
The White Mice	4
The Making of Bobby Burnit	4
The Romance of a Plain Man	3
The Patience of John Morland	3
The Man in Lower Ten	3
Elusive Isabel	2
Marriage à la Mode	2
A Woman for Mayor	2
Set in Silver	2
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND	CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO
Anne of Green Gables Eagle Badge Mary Ware The Wizard of Oz The Short Stop	Anne of Green Gables Biography of a Silver Fox Mary Ware Forward Pass The Short Stop	Anne of Green Gables Mary Ware Motor Boys Miss Betty of New York Boy Stories	Little Colonel Stories The Short Stop Anne of Green Gables Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know Little Women

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND	CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO
What is Physical Life? The History of Rome Psychotherapy Is Shakespeare Dead? The Columbia River	England and the English Religion and Medicine Why Worry? French Revolution Psychotherapy	A Trip to the Holy Land Robert E. Lee, Southerner Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam Christian Science Religion and Medicine	Psychotherapy Religion and Medicine Stickeen Bible Commentary Luther Burbank

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